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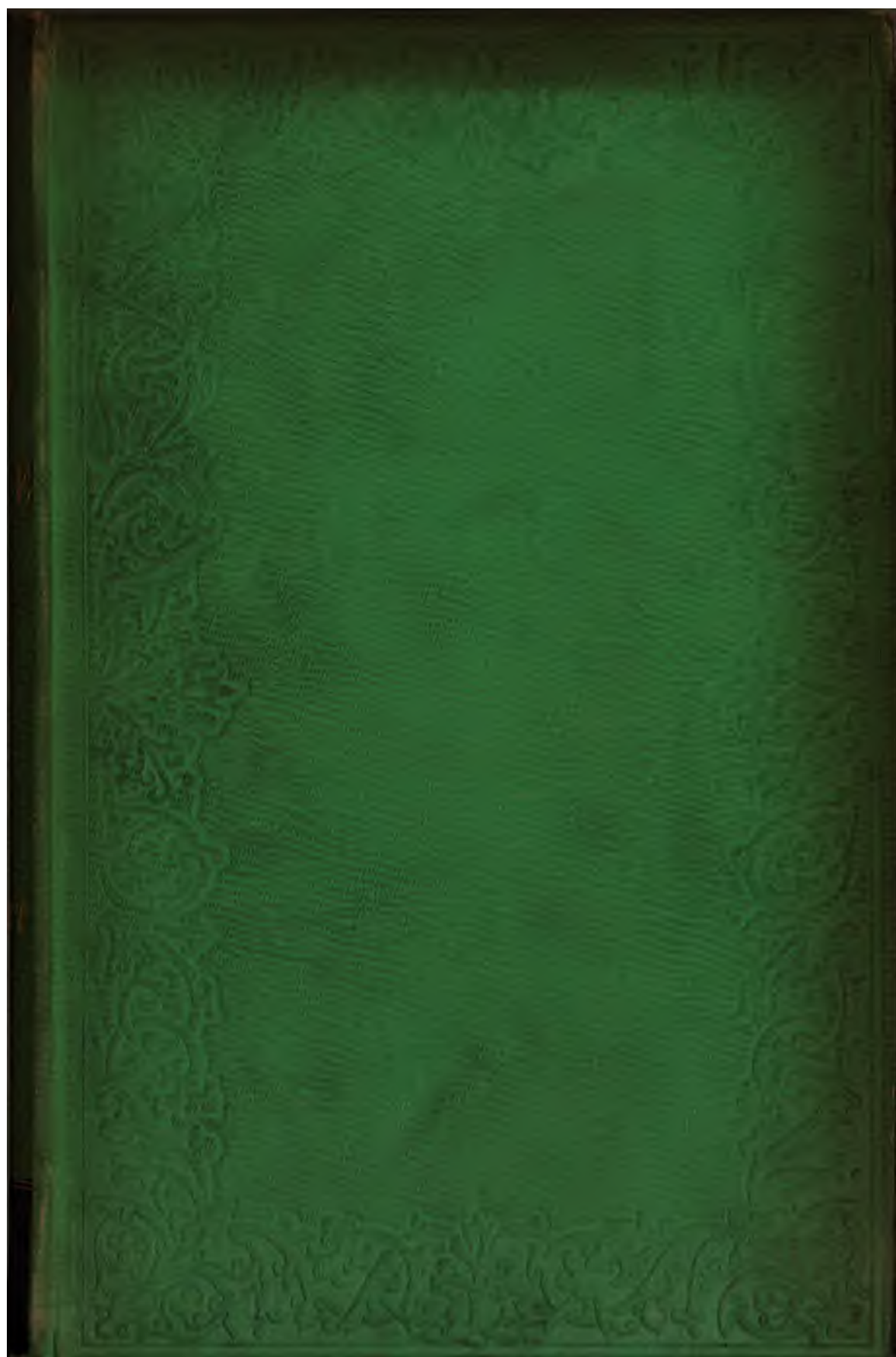
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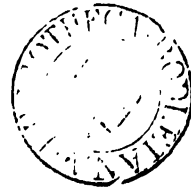




POETRY  
SACRED AND PROFANE.

BY

JOHN WRIGHT.



---

Poetry exalts  
Her voice to ages; and informs the page  
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,  
Never to die! THOMSON.

My soul is full of other times: the joy of my youth returns.  
Thus the Sun appears in the West, after the steps of his brightness  
have moved behind a storm: the green hills lift their dewy heads;  
the blue streams rejoice in the vale. OSSIAN.

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LONDON:  
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.  
1851.

280. p. 82.

LONDON:  
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,  
New-street-Square.

TO  
  
S A M U E L W R I G H T,  
M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.A.S.,  
ETC. ETC. ETC.,

*This Volume*  
  
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED  
.

BY  
  
HIS BROTHER.





## INTRODUCTION.

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It cannot be pleaded, in extenuation of the faults that criticism may discover in the following poems, that they were written in the days of my youth, while yet reflection had curbed not the intemperance of passion; for not one of them was constructed before I had entered on my fortieth year. And as it seldom happens that a man *begins* to exercise the faculty of imagination at that period of his life, the reader may be curious to know why the usual course of things has been reversed in me. The story is simple, and may be soon told. Until then excessive irritability, combined with constitutional powers of endurance that few enjoy, prompted me daily to physical pursuits very far exceeding the demands of a laborious profession. A seeming superfluity of nervous impulse was my inheritance; and preferring the pure atmosphere of the fields to that artificial mode of existence which

the usages of society impose, my delight was to expend it in walks which, were I circumstantially to record them, might be thought by many to exceed the bounds of credibility. As time, however, progressed, though as yet sensible of no diminution of nervous activity, a growing inaptitude for vigorous exercise was discoverable, and I sought, in retirement, to profit by a long train of previous observation. In spite of a prejudice imbibed, on reaching manhood, against poetry, for reasons that involve some little reflection on lovely woman—a prejudice so strong that, for nearly twenty years, I would neither read, nor suffer to be read to me, any production of the Divine Art, I now began to meditate in verse. Progressively my evenings became more and more devoted to this amusement; and when those who feared that the pursuit might endanger my health enjoined rest, the only reply I could offer was that of the Roman Poet, *verum nequeo dormire*; and dreading a worse imputation, *aut insanit homo, aut versus facit*, I have occupied my leisure in the cultivation of elegant literature, with such intervals of relaxation as the kindred pursuit of gardening has required, throughout the last ten years. For a long time the fruit of my labour was distributed amongst personal friends, and entertaining not then the

remotest idea of its publication, I cared not even to transcribe for my own use much that was so disposed of. At length my applicants became too numerous and pressing in their demands upon me to admit of like respect being paid to all; and to avoid their importunities, I promised in due time to supply them, in a more convenient form, with a copy of such pieces as should be thought worthy of preservation. My design was to defer this intention for two years longer, —until, indeed, I should have written something more truly entitled to public notice: but disease occurring upon what had now become a severe study, and that, too, of a character from which danger was to be apprehended, I resolved thus prematurely to select from amongst my papers such poems as should, for the most part, contribute to the moral and intellectual benefit of my readers. To attempt an apology for their defects would be affectation: for though they are not all what I could have wished them to be, the chief of them have been written with much care; and they do but occasionally fall short of that standard which I have prescribed to myself, by reason of my inability at all times to attain to it.

An inquiry into the relative merit of our most esteemed modern Poets soon led to my conviction that,

whilst in the legitimate exercise of the imagination, in strength and dignity of expression, and depth of feeling, Byron surpasses all others, so too is he the best artist. And since my predilection for subjects in which Nature exhibits her fairest aspect, will serve to protect me from the charge of having appropriated his ideas, I may with less hesitation declare that, in the general structure of my verse, I have taken him as affording the best model. Of this privilege I have sportively availed myself as well, occasionally, at the cost of both Shelley and Wordsworth, than whom, perhaps, no two authors can be found more unlike:—the one luxuriating in a redundancy of imagination,—the other driven to all manner of pitiful expedients to identify himself with its possession. Let those who shall object to the boldness of this assertion, in respect of the late Poet Laureate, turn to some stanzas headed “Resolution and Independence,” upon which he bestowed *many careful revisions*. And were it needed, I might further justify an allusion to this piece, by reference to the declaration of Wordsworth’s great expositor, Coleridge, that “this fine poem is especially characteristic of the author.” Not to enter upon an elaborate critique, which would carry me beyond the limits necessarily assigned to this Introduction, I would remark that the

Poet opens his subject by the somewhat startling assurance that "there was a roaring in the wind all night," and "the rain fell in floods:" "but now the sun is rising," "the birds are singing," "the sky rejoices," "the grass is bright with rain-drops," and "the hare is running races in her mirth." Then immediately changing his tense, he writes —

"I was a Traveller then upon the moor,  
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;  
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;  
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:  
The pleasant season did my heart employ:  
My old remembrances went from me wholly;  
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

"But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might  
Of joy in minds that can no further go,  
As high as we have mounted in delight  
In our dejection do we sink as low;  
To me that morning did it happen so;  
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;  
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could  
name."

Now I appeal to the understanding of Wordsworth's admirers, whether this be a creditable performance? What *burlesque* upon English versification could be *seemingly* more intentional? And the first and second stanzas only, out of twenty of which the piece consists,

are superior to the two I have quoted. Pardoning his violation of good taste, where he has attempted to be poetical, and taking the entire in the light of a simple narrative, it abounds with self-contradictions, absurdities, and silly iterations, conveyed in language that would do dishonour to an uneducated mechanic: and it more faithfully represents the rudeness of our literature in the time of Chaucer than the refinement to which it has attained in the nineteenth century. Though free to admit as are his enthusiastic friends, that the *motive* which directed Wordsworth in all his literary labours was such as to entitle him to public esteem, I nevertheless maintain that he lacked those qualities of the mind which are essential to the service in which he engaged. And as many, who have perhaps been less careful in reading him than I have, may be disposed to condemn the severity with which he is treated in a satire called "Pastimes with the late Poet Laureate," it is but right that I defend its publication, by argument based upon a familiarity with his works. In the absence of such necessity, however, no objection could be fairly offered to my strictures, whether directed in prose or verse: for, be it remembered, the Poet was himself free to criticise both the living and the dead. And I have the less delicacy to consult in the

prosecution of my design, since his removal from the sphere in which he long laboured, has placed him alike beyond the reach of praise and censure. His writings, as are those of every man that survive their author, are to be regarded now as a public legacy: nor is it too much to say that he bequeathed them for the accomplishment of a great and good purpose. He believed them to be "profitable for instruction;" and though made the sport of critics through a long life, he acquired a party which, if not large, had all the advantages that talent, wealth, and station could command. Under such auspices, he gained an elevation, to which his character as a poet by no means entitled him; and the few disciples he had already numbered, conceiving their great prototype to have earned his distinction, strove the more carefully to imitate his indefiniteness of expression, while the school to which they belonged boasted of increasing adherents. No judicious reader can look upon the inane metrical verbiage now palmed upon the fashionable world as poetry, without feeling painfully conscious that the patronage conferred upon Wordsworth was a national misfortune. None knew better than himself how greatly it tended to strengthen the confidence of his followers in the fancied purity of his style: hence, in a



letter to a friend, he says "Tennyson is decidedly the first of our living poets."—"You will be pleased to hear that he expressed in the strongest terms *his gratitude to my writings*." To have attained what would seem to imply preeminence in the republic of letters, notwithstanding the contempt with which his puerilities were treated, was, after all, no mean achievement for a man of his limited genius. He owed it mainly to patient, untiring industry: for having no susceptibility that allowed him either to be provoked to resentment, or to be crushed into torpor, he plodded on in pursuit of his favourite amusement, until his claims to preferment could be no longer resisted. In him was assuredly exemplified the truth of the proverb —

nil sine magno  
Vita labore dedit mortalibus.

Added to industry was an inviolable regard for truth; and it pleased him to provide lessons for those who respect

"the good old age  
When Fancy was Truth's willing Page;  
And Truth would skim the flowery glade,  
Though entering but as Fancy's Shade."

Poetry, however, is "*impassioned truth*;" and he who invests heroes and peasants alike with meekness; who, when accounting Rob Roy "*wise as brave*," deems it necessary to crave forgiveness, "if the phrase be strong;" who, on one hand, would *appear* to be shocked at the discovery of a Robin\* in chace of a butterfly, while, on the other, he can address a sexton over the remains of his late acquaintance in language † at which a cultivated mind almost revolts, obviously betrays a want of that faculty of the soul from which

\* "Art thou the bird whom Man loves best,  
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,  
Our little English Robin;

\* \* \* \* \*

The bird, who by some name or other  
All men who know thee call their brother,  
The darling of children and men?  
Could Father Adam open his eyes  
And see this sight beneath the skies,  
He'd wish to close them again.

† Mark the spot to which I point!  
From this platform, eight feet square,  
Take not even a finger-joint:  
Andrew's whole fire-side is there.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus then, each to other dear,  
Let them all in quiet lie,  
Andrew there, and Susan here,  
Neighbours in mortality."

all true poetry springs,—*feeling—intense, well disciplined feeling.* And such was Wordsworth! Shall I yet be told that evidence of tender emotion may be gleaned from his verse? Then it is surely to be found in his lament for the dead; for under no circumstances can it be more truly affirmed that “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” Here is an example:—

“She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

“A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
—Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

“She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, Oh!  
The difference to me!”

The worth of this outpouring of a “wounded spirit” will be best estimated, when compared with an affecting passage from Othello’s soliloquy over the body of Desdemona, where Emilia seeks admission to the Moor.

"If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife :  
My wife ! my wife ! what wife ?—I have no wife :  
O, insupportable, O heavy hour !"

Some will be ready to denounce the comparison as invidious : it may possibly admit of such construction :

*Quid enim contendat hirundo cycnis ?*

That justice then may be done, I will select a stanza from Wordsworth's elegiac verses on the death of a brother, and place it in juxtaposition with another on a like melancholy subject, taken from a contemporary author, whom he declared to be deficient in feeling.

"Full soon in sorrow did I weep,  
Taught that the mutual hope was dust,  
In sorrow, but for higher trust,  
How miserably deep !  
All vanished in a single word,  
A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard,  
Sea—Ship—drowned—Shipwreck—so it came,  
The meek, the brave, the good, was gone ;  
He who had been our living John  
Was nothing but a name."

"Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?  
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?  
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low  
Some less majestic, less beloved head ?

In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,  
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,  
Death hushed that pang for ever : with thee fled  
The present happiness and promised joy  
Which filled the imperial isles so full it seemed to cloy."

What man, in whom the moral and intellectual faculties are so nicely harmonized as to bring him under the due influence of language, will not feel a secret prompting to merriment on reading the first stanza? Yet he shall no sooner pass from that to the one which succeeds it than, under the solemnity inspired by associations of the utmost moment, his heart shall swell with irrepressible anguish.

Premising thus much, there is little difficulty in accounting for the feebleness that pervades nearly the whole of Wordsworth's verse. Not so easy, perhaps, is it to explain its *anomalous* character. Every one is aware that there are seasons when, from various causes, the senses fail to afford us an adequate conception of the objects presented to our notice. With the habitually apathetic this must be the prevailing condition. "That strong feeling of interest and curiosity which we call attention" is, in them, only to be excited by "moving accidents." They may appear to regard passing events; but faint and imperfect will be the

impressions made upon their minds, and even these will be quickly forgotten. The observation of people so constituted is radically defective; and failing in that, the suggestive principle, as it is termed, seldom rewards them with a profitable train of thought. This, I need hardly say, is a temperament as unlike the poetical as was Wordsworth unlike Byron. Nature designed not the late Poet Laureate for the purpose of song: but he had a morbid ambition to be thought a poet, and no man to whom enthusiasm has been denied, ever toiled so long and so patiently after such distinction. "Exempt from public haunt," he sought "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing;" but seeing as "through a glass darkly," his images were confused, and, like the changing cloud, they rarely sustained an appreciable aspect. Hence the frequent recurrence of such passages as the following:—

"Such seemed this Man, *not all alive nor dead,*  
*Nor all asleep*—in his extreme old age:"

"And to myself I seem to muse on One  
By sorrow laid asleep; or borne away,  
*A human being destined to awake*  
*To human life, or something very near*  
*To human life*"—

“ *Calm* did he sit under the wide-spread tree  
Of his old age ; and yet *less calm and meek*,  
*Winningly meek or venerably calm*,  
Than slow and torpid ; ”

Intent, at all times, on the maintenance of his right to the first seat in the Temple of the Muses, the Laureate would remind his readers, as occasion should serve, of the deference due to him as *the Poet* ; but especially did he claim preeminence as *the Poet of Nature*. In this capacity I find him “haunting” the “green shade” of “Rydalian Laurels” through all seasons in search of “ground-flowers ;”—and it may not be uninteresting to inquire with what bountifulness Nature lavished instruction upon him in such rambles. While thus engaged, it is satisfactory as well to learn that, whether following him in the neighbourhood of Rydal, or on a delicate expedition, when his

“ ——— horse moved on ; hoof after hoof  
He raised, and never stopped,”

the charge of unfairness cannot properly be imputed to me : for, in *the Poet's* dedication of “Peter Bell” to Southey, he says “pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favourable reception ; or, rather, to fit it for filling *permanently* a station, however humble, in the literature of

our country. This has, indeed, been the aim of all my endeavours in poetry, which, you know, have been sufficiently laborious to prove that I deem the Art not lightly to be approached." What then, I ask, could be better suited to the musings of our author than a day in Spring? Inspired, accordingly, with the music of the grove, he regrets the general distaste for pleasure of so pure a kind, and lapses into the following strain:—

"Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

"The birds around me hopped and played,  
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—  
But the least motion that they made,  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

"The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
To catch the breezy air;  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there."

Now with all my respect for the good intentions of the Laureate, I cannot help thinking he was somewhat hard upon "Peter Bell," because

"A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more"—



for, in how far would the suggestions of *the Poet's* primrose have exceeded Peter's, if he might have spoken for himself? Peter would have been found sufficiently philosophic to say that the plant appeared to "joy" pretty well; and that is all we are told by *the Poet*. It would be unjust to say that he never does more. We learn elsewhere that

"Long as there's a sun that sets,  
Primroses will have their glory."

Nor are we left long to conjecture in what their glory consists, since *the Poet* soon after, in addressing his favourite flower (pilewort), says :

"While the patient primrose sits  
*Like a beggar in the cold,*  
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,  
Slip'st into thy sheltering hold."

Little cause would Nature have to congratulate herself on the acquisition of a devotee, who should *thus* treat her dispensations, whether in the character of poet or naturalist. Pilewort (*ranunculus ficaria*), called by the earlier botanists little celandine, is a plant of almost universal prevalence: but it first blooms in the most sheltered situations, as in the copse, along the sunny margin of woods, and in hedgerows, where it may be seen to gladden the hearts of children

so early as February, in a mild winter. And these are precisely the localities in which the primrose is found. It may be discovered as well by "a river's brim," *where Shelley also found the violet*; but it is doubtful whether Nature planted it there: such is rather the work of man's "*meddling intellect*." On the contrary, pilewort may be seen, as the Spring advances, to flourish further, and yet further from a place of shelter, until it beautifies the fields with its golden bloom, even to the "river's brim." The four vulgar lines I have quoted, therefore, betray no less inattention to the natural habits of these plants, than depravity of taste in the employment of the simile. Perhaps there is no form of expression that subjects the genius of a writer to so severe a test as one of comparison: yet is it that which the unskilful artist is sure to attempt. From a refined source "similes are sparkling ornaments:" Wordsworth, conceiving that they might be elaborated after a more homely fashion, presents us with the following:—

"I kissed his cheek before he died;  
And when his breath was fled,  
I raised, while kneeling by his side,  
His hand:—*it dropped like lead.*  
Your hands, dear Little-ones, do all  
That can be done, will never fall  
*Like his till they are dead.*"

“For calm and gentle is his mien;  
*Like a dead Boy he is serene.*”

“His limbs would toss about him with *delight*,  
*Like branches when strong winds the trees annoy.*”

“That tall Man, a giant in bulk and in height,  
 Not an inch of his body is free from delight;  
 Can he keep himself still, if he would? oh, not he!  
*The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.*”

But to dilate on *the Poet's* inelegances were an endless task: his verse consists of little else. I will be content to follow him as the simple interpreter of Nature: and now “it is the first mild day of March;” the robin is singing beside his door; and in anticipation of an intellectual feast, he conjures his sister to lay aside her book, put on her “woodland dress,” and accompany him in his walk. “One moment now,” he writes,

“may give us more  
 Than years of toiling reason:  
 Our minds shall drink at every pore  
 The spirit of the season.”

After so startling a metaphor, it is natural to look for results correspondent to the occasion. But where are they? Of a truth he gave the day “to idleness;” or drinking “the spirit of the season” with his accustomed relish, he wasted its inspiration upon vapid

rhyme. Again he longs to be abroad: and craving the society of a friend, absorbed in studies for which *the Poet* had little taste, he thus addresses him:

“Books! ’tis a dull and endless strife:  
Come, hear the woodland linnet,  
How sweet his music! on my life,  
There’s more of wisdom in it.”

“And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!  
He, too, is no mean preacher:  
Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.”

For one who was habitually cautious in the use of language, this may be considered a pretty bold freak of fancy; and but for the colloquial form of their construction, the stanzas would have been unobjectionable. Having ventured so far, he determined for once to attest the moral supremacy of Nature:

“One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.”

How those dignitaries of the Church who have concurred in the laudations bestowed upon Wordsworth, reconcile themselves to this expression “*of sentiment and reflection*” I am at a loss to determine! It was

held by a learned divine\*, known to some of them, that poetry always says too much or too little; and had he been one of the Laureate's acquaintance, it is fair to presume that he would have whispered in his ear the memorable passage of Lactantius: totum autem, quod referas, fingere; id est ineptum esse et mendacem, potius quam poetam.

Apart from all consideration of poetical embellishment, I look in vain to Wordsworth for instruction. *Few* of his pieces impart it: and the little *they* contain is generally so much diluted with superfluous expletives, as to leave it doubtful whether my gain be commensurate with the time and attention occupied in searching for it. I adduce "the Thorn" for example—a poem greatly admired by advocates of the Lake school. And it *is pretty*: so that if men can find amusement in a mere play upon words, I wonder not that this should delight them. Unfortunately for those who are not thus easily pleased, the first four lines present a glaring absurdity:

"There is a Thorn—it looks so old,  
*In truth*, you'd find it hard to say  
*How it could ever have been young,*  
*It looks so old and grey."*

---

\* Dr. Adam Clarke.

The burthen of the story is this: twenty years previously, one Martha Ray was courted by Stephen Hill; pregnancy ensued; and Stephen espoused another. Six months after, Martha was to be seen often repairing to this "Thorn," overgrown as it was with moss and lichens,

"High on a mountain's highest ridge,  
Where oft the stormy winter gale  
Cuts like a scythe."

Martha had lost her senses; and "at all times of the day and night" would she go thither. "Sad case," observes *the Poet*,

"for such a brain to hold  
Communion with a stirring child!"

When born, none knew how this child was disposed of: some thought she "hanged" it on "the Thorn,"—others that she drowned it in "a little muddy pond" just by,—but all agreed that

"A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,  
Just half a foot in height,"

"And close beside this aged Thorn,"

denoted its final resting-place. Twenty-two stanzas, of eleven lines each, involving a tautology that has no parallel in the writings of any other man, are

employed in relating the incidents I have mentioned. But he does worse than this: and in proof of my assertion, I refer to his "Anecdote for Fathers," in which he says he has a boy of five years old, with whom he walked and talked one morning, as was his custom, with their "quiet home all full in view." His own musings recurred to Kilve's delightful shore, where they had resided a year previously. Kilve he thought "was a favoured place, and so is Liswyn farm." "In very idleness" he asked the boy whether he preferred to be on "Kilve's smooth shore," or at "Liswyn farm?" At Kilve was the answer. Why? the boy knew not why; and being pressed for a reason, he "hung down his head" and "blushed with shame," but remained silent. Three times the interrogatory was put; when the boy raised his head, and seeing a vane upon the housetop, replied—

"At Kilve there was no weathercock;  
And that's the reason why."

Pleased with this evidence of childish sagacity, he exclaims—

"O dearest, dearest boy! my heart  
For better lore would seldom yearn,  
Could I but teach the hundredth part  
Of what from thee I learn."

If *the Poet's* admirers be sufficiently versed in the profound to discover the worth attached to this revelation, they can better deal with the problematical than I can. To me it would seem that for the sake of bringing this child into ridicule, fifteen stanzas were written, which, whether viewed in regard to their meanness of diction, or poverty of idea, should serve as well to show that he was the veritable son of the writer.

These reflections, then, I submit as an apology for the "Imitations" of Wordsworth, and the "Pastimes" as well, which are to be found in this volume. Not the least objectionable feature in the Laureate's character as a poet, was his love of intercourse with plebeians of the lowest grade, as Betty Foy and Susan Gale, Goody Blake and Harry Gill, Alice Fell, Peter Bell, and others equally vulgar. Offended at the high pretensions of the man whose chief aim was, in the form of ballad, to perpetuate trifling incidents derived from such sources, it need not excite surprise that Byron should thus have sneered at him:

"'Pedlars,' and 'boats,' and 'waggons!' Oh! ye shades  
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?"

He would, however, have been excusable in his choice of subjects, if he had taken care to clothe them with



the extrinsic ornaments of poetry. This it was his duty to do: but he degraded the peasantry around him; for instead of telling us that

“Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray,”

he too often exhibits humanity in its worst phase; and, as in the instance of Goody Blake, he is not less unfortunate, occasionally, in his attempt “to point a moral.” Prompted by a desire to adapt his language to the characters with whom he had to deal, he acquired a depraved habit of writing, even when engaged on a loftier theme; until at length he “vulgarized sublimity.” Always obscure, and taxing himself with the selection of words and phrases that neither the learned nor the unlearned would have chosen, he became an object of derision amongst all classes. Will any one be bold enough to contend that his *was* the language in popular use? Then I ask in what part of her Majesty’s dominions I shall find men so silly as to say they “espy” whatever they look at! Yet was it *the Poet’s* custom to “espy” every thing; save where he deemed it right to qualify the admission, and then he “seemeth to espy,” as did all those to whom he imputed the faculty of vision. Were the subject still worth prosecuting, I might accu-

multate abundant evidence to prove, if that be not already done, that he was essentially a wrong-headed man. None other would have designated Thomson's "a vicious style;" and believing the whole tenor of his writings to merit the stigma he sought to affix on the "Seasons," I consider it my duty to counsel young and inexperienced writers to avoid his example. Efforts may be made by surviving friends to prolong his fame; but in fifty years hence it will be scarcely known that such a man has lived; and I will hazard a further prediction, that the simple, unpretending Bloomfield will be read when Wordsworth shall have been forgotten.

High Pavement, Nottingham.  
July 18th, 1851.

J. W.



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P O E T R Y  
SACRED AND PROFANE.

---

TO THE RIVER. TRENT.

AMERICA may justly boast  
Of navigable streams that flow  
A thousand leagues, to greet the coast  
With products that her borders grow.

But wide as her dominions spread,  
No current holds so proud a sway,  
When rolling o'er its native bed,  
As thou on thy majestic way.

Thy limpid waters catch the light  
Emitted from its parent source,  
And shed a pure, unmixed delight  
On man and beast throughout their course.

The natant tribes that dwell within  
Thine ample bosom leap for joy,  
And stealing on rapacious fin,  
The light aërial guests decoy.

The drooping willows kiss the wave  
That ripples on thy placid breast,  
And sweet aquatics softly lave  
Their glad recumbent arms to rest.

Presiding elms on whose fair height  
The noisy rooks securely sleep,  
Behold amidst the festive sight  
Their image mirrored on the deep.

The graceful swallow skims along  
The surface of thy bright domain,—  
Disporting with the insect throng  
That flutter in its wanton train.

Thy sloping banks present a sweet  
Enchantment to the wandering gaze  
Of youth, whose enterprising feet  
Skip o'er them in fantastic ways.

Hither will oft a parent roam  
With infancy in fond embrace,  
When sickness has invaded home  
With terrors that her bodings trace.

And men released from anxious care,  
Or daily toil, as well resort  
To thee for pure refreshing air,  
While exercised in healthful sport.

Through Winter's cold and Summer's calm,  
Untainted by revolving time,  
Still minister thy pleasing balm  
To subjects of this varied clime.

And Genius shall at length arise,  
Well worthy of the Muse and thee,  
Whose skilful hand shall duly prize  
The richness of thy scenery.

## THE SNOWDROP.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF AN INFANT,

FEBRUARY, 1843.

ON Flora's lap there now appears  
A harbinger of Spring,  
That never fails o'er darkened years  
Its modest charms to fling.

In lightsome green it breaks the ground,  
By fostering Nature led ;  
And having faintly glanced around,  
Hangs down its beauteous head.

Exposed to storms by day and night,  
This little graceful flower  
Assumes a garb of spotless white,  
And dares the boisterous hour.

Relentless ills descending fast,  
Take vengeance on its birth ;  
And death ere long with final blast  
Throws back its form to earth.

So, like the Snowdrop, does the face  
Of infant beauty shine,  
When on its placid brow we trace  
No little darkling line.

But gathering tempests oft invade  
The sweetest of such bloom,  
Till all of loveliness is laid  
To moulder in the tomb.

Yet He to whom the mourner flies,  
This consolation gives :  
The flower, when withered, truly dies —  
The soul for ever lives !

# IN THE CHOICE OF A THEME.

IN the choice of a theme shall I fathom the deep,  
 Where the Shark on his merciless embassy roams?  
 Shall I muse on the brink of a Lake in its sleep,  
 Or shuddering stand where the Cataract foams?

Shall I traverse some African waste to behold  
 The King of the forest repose in his lair;  
 Or follow him into some sheltering fold,  
 And witness the death of his prey in despair?

Rather let me in solitude wander beneath  
 The bleak mountainous cliffs of our own British isle,  
 Whence the Eagle is proudly accustomed to wreath  
 His ascent in the light of the Sun's passing smile.



## THE EAGLE.

On a mountain peak

He stands with

His feet on firm ground

And his eyes on the world

That lies below him

He looks down at the

From his own height

And sees the world as it is

And knows that it is all

The earth's true nature --

He knows it as it is

The light breath of the

And the ever-changing

The tremulous sigh

And the deep, dark

The secret of the

His imperial reign  
    Stretches over the heath  
And the bountiful plain ;  
    And the subjects beneath  
    Him conduce to his spoil.  
Like a mail-covered King,  
On impervious wing,  
He sweeps o'er his dominions in martial array,  
And foreshadows the coming of sudden dismay.  
    Then collapsing, he drops  
Like a plummet, nor stops  
    To evade the recoil ;  
But transfixing his prize  
    With a warrior's skill,  
In a moment it lies  
    Irreversibly still !

In the pride of his might  
He rides over the clouds  
To the chambers of light, —  
Where he softly enshrouds  
His untamable breast.  
On the tempest he scowls  
When it fearfully howls ;  
And he trods on the whirlwind undaunted and free,  
While it tears up the earth and the depths of the sea.  
From the triumph he speeds  
Through the province that leads  
To his palace of rest ;  
Whence he tranquilly views  
His illimited sphere.  
'Till noon he renews  
His majestic career.

## STANZAS.

How faint the light, whose partial rays  
 Steal through some fissure, when compared  
 With that diffusive noontide blaze  
 So bounteously by heaven prepared !  
 And such the mind, although it teem  
 With learning in its utmost pride,  
 When merged into the brilliant stream  
 That swells the universal tide.

How mean an atom that disports  
 In wild delirium on the breeze,  
 Compared with earth whose shade it courts  
 When winds are hushed in breathless ease !  
 And such is man, however great  
 Or dignified his rank appear,  
 If placed beside the pomp and state  
 That beautify this ample sphere.

How small a speck is earth again,  
    Contrasted with that glorious orb,  
Whose genial warmth the sons of men,  
    And all created life absorb !  
And trifling are her children's cares,  
    Since time awards so brief a stay,  
That early blight too often tears  
    The sweetest living germ away.

And then how little is that sun,  
    If man will only rise above  
The limit of its range to One  
    Eternal Source of light and love !  
And time is but a moment's space  
    In that unscrutable career  
Of bliss or pain, whose deathless race  
    Is imaged on the mournful bier.

## TELL ME NOT.

TELL me not that Love, inditing  
Promises in sparkling eyes,  
Sheds a lustre so inviting  
As to captivate the wise.

Gently o'er the bosom stealing,  
Like the softened evening rays,  
Love betrays the purest feeling  
In the faintly blushing gaze.

Then the glowing, chaste emotion  
Lingers in the pensive eye,  
And the soul in sweet devotion  
Breathes a timid, hopeful sigh.

Give me this auspicious blending  
Of the only charms I seek,  
And the pledge to heaven ascending  
Cannot more divinely speak.

## THE WIND.

WHAT is the wind, and whence its source,  
 And whither does it then proceed;  
 What modifies its rampant course,  
 Or checks its speed?

Now slumbering in unseen repose,  
 'The earth and sky in mutual mirth  
 Rejoice, as when in newness rose  
 The world to birth.

A whisper runs from hill to vale,  
 Or breathes its utterance in a sigh,  
 That omens of a threatening gale  
 Bespeak it nigh.

And shrinking from the fearful stroke,  
The leaf upon the stunted brake,  
And that which crowds the forest oak,  
With anguish shake.

The firmament affrighted draws  
A vesture on of mournful hue,  
And moved by sympathetic laws,  
Weeps at the view.

The fount of universal light,  
Awed through illimitable space,  
Reluctantly beholds the sight,  
And veils his face.

A momentary pause occurs,—  
When listening with impassive heed,  
Nor tender blade, nor leaflet stirs,  
In grove or mead.



Suddenly a convulsive shock  
Spreads devastation far and wide,  
As though the Wind raged but to mock  
Earth in her pride.

Then is the voice of Nature heard  
Bewailing her forlorn estate,  
And counselling both beast and bird  
That round her wait.

Fiercely the Tempest rides and scares  
The gentle ox and hardier brute,  
And "every living thing" that bears  
Leaf, flower, and fruit.

The elm upon its native mound  
Falls headlong with impatient dread,  
And o'er the like afflicted ground  
Lies rudely spread.

The tremulously watchful hare  
Leaps from her form in wild dismay,  
And quick, with apprehensive stare,  
Scours far away.

The very dust, insensate dust !  
That carelessly besets our path,  
Flies at the Wind's appalling gust,  
To shun its wrath.

Hell's shapeless ministers at length  
In closer phalanx mingle fast,  
And prodigal in demon strength,  
Direct the blast.

In madness does it brave the sea,  
That conquers every foe besides,  
And combat irresistibly  
The labouring tides.

And Ocean, that affords to man  
Interminable stores of wealth,  
And fortifies as well the wan  
With vigorous health,—

That cheerfully assents to bear  
Whatever impost he may lay  
Thereon, nor yet with hidden snare  
Seeks to betray, —

By unrelenting storms assailed,  
Huge surges upon surges heaps,  
And buries what was proudly hailed  
Within its deeps.

Ask ye the Wind's remotest source?  
Where'er organic life can breathe,  
The spirits of the damned discourse,  
And writhing seethe.

And in their hatred of the sweet  
    Beneficence of heaven, they find  
Torture in struggling to defeat  
    God in the Wind.

Nor cease they to provoke the grief  
    That deathless misery ordains,  
Until He interpose relief  
    Who calmly reigns,

"When he uttereth his voice, there is a multitude of waters in the heavens, and he causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth; he maketh lightnings with rain, and bringeth forth the wind out of his treasures." — *Jeremiah*, x. 13.

SING aloud, all ye ends of the earth, and rejoice

In the God that disposes the fountains on high,  
And asserts His Omnipotent rule in a voice  
Which is heard in the thunders that sweep through  
the sky!

On the hills and the mountains be rightfully glad,  
And ye occupants too of the thirstiest plain,  
For the Lord over all in His mercy hath clad  
The whole earth with the bountiful fruits of His rain.

And His providence over the righteous who call  
In the spirit of faith on His name shall endure,  
Till the stars that emblazon the heavens shall fall,  
And the water of life flow eternally pure.

## STANZAS.

As a particle of sand,  
    Loitering by the mountain side,  
Heeds not whether it be fanned  
    Gently to the rolling tide ;  
Or on fiercer wings alight,  
    Where the vision sweetly plays  
On the mountain's rugged height,  
    In a thousand fitful ways :

So the wanton, idly sporting  
    With the stern decrees of Time,  
Spends his little life consorting  
    With the parent hand of crime :  
Tossed upon the wilds of error,  
    Spread before his captive sense,  
Vice awakens not its terror  
    Till his soul be hurried hence.

As the wingèd seed relies  
On its reproductive worth,  
Quits its native bed and flies  
To the fond alluring earth, —  
Flourishes and blooms awhile  
In its richly verdant dress,  
Then, retaining Nature's smile,  
Even dies in loveliness :

So the fervid youth, aspiring  
To the highest aim of man,  
Labours hourly in acquiring  
Stores of knowledge whilst he can, —  
Jealously submits his reason  
To the purest moral test,  
And awaits with joy the season  
Of his everlasting rest.

## THE CROCUS.

WHILE Earth's less hardy treasures lie  
Within her bosom yet concealed,  
The Crocus blooms beneath a sky  
That pours its lucid drops congealed.

Arrayed in richly burnished gold,  
It stands as though in glory crowned ;  
Or smiling undeterred by cold,  
Bestrews with lilac tints the ground.

Thus youth inspired with hopeful zeal,  
And clothed in beauty's freshening hue,  
Seems not the ills of life to feel  
That on its fitful course ensue.



But time that sheds a darksome blight  
On every flower fond Nature wreathes,  
Soon veils as well in endless night  
The form through which the spirit breathes.

And man, but for the hallowing ray  
Of light that God Himself hath given,  
Would know not that a cloudless day  
Awaits his fleeting soul in heaven.

### THE SPARROW.

To me shall be never imputed the heinous  
 Offence of unjustly dishonouring Venus,  
 By tasting the pleasures that drop  
 From her liberal hand, unacknowledged in words  
 Of befitting regard for the gayest of birds,  
 The Sparrow "upon the house-top."

No colours of delicate tincture belong  
 To his plumage in Summer or Winter, no song  
 Of inspiriting compass has he ;  
 But courage, attuned to the purpose of love,  
 Supplies him with rapture unknown to the Dove,  
 Or the Lark on the flowering lea.

Unaffected by change, as the Robin, that prays  
For a Winter's sojourn in the city, and strays  
    To the fields in the following Spring,  
He renews, at the dawn of the season, his vow  
Of attachment to place, as on turret or bough  
    He disports upon fluttering wing.

If a loftier reason were needed to show  
The demand that this little bird has to a glow  
    Of compassion in word as in look,  
The poet, the scholar, and others inclined  
To learn of oracular wisdom, may find  
    It recorded in Heaven's own book.

## SONNET.

## LIGHT.

By one great irreversible decree  
Are countless worlds indebted to thy sway,  
For universal empire is with thee,  
And heaven is filled with thy divine display.  
Swift-winged as thought does thy illustrious ray  
Pierce the dread chambers that no eye shall see,  
Until the coming of that glorious day  
When thou shalt brighten immortality.  
Fair emblem of the Source from which thou art,  
All Nature quickens at thy genial smile ;  
Even icy plains with soft emotions start,  
And melt with fruitful tenderness the while :  
Earth pays thee homage as do distant spheres,  
And often mourns thy absence in her tears.

## AN EPICUREAN ADDRESS

TO A LADY ENGAGED IN READING GOOD'S TRANS-  
LATION OF LUCRETIVS.

I AM not inclined to indulge in the sin  
Of drinking too freely of brandy or gin ;  
But having just swallowed a " drop of the cratur,"  
Along with a very nice mealy potato,  
By way of repairing the sudden decline  
That occurs on the absence of victuals and wine,  
I feel as some fanciful writers have done,  
Disposed to conclude my repast with the fun  
Of telling my friends, or *yourself* at the least,  
How much I have gained by this casual feast.  
On ceasing to eat and to drink, as you know  
I did pretty nearly a few days ago,

My head, while the body got rapidly lighter,  
Became in effect correspondingly brighter —  
A fact which I never can duly explain,  
Unless I admit that the call on the brain  
For nervous supply in the work of digestion,  
Thus being reduced, any difficult question  
That could not by labour be treated before,  
The mind is at liberty now to explore.  
My theory you can reject if you choose,  
Or welcome, as best shall accord with your Muse.  
Pursuing the story with which I set out,  
I hasten to say that, while others about  
Me were eating and drinking as fast as they could,  
I poured on them all an impetuous flood  
Of rhyme, in the form of this little facetia,  
Concluding with stanzas addressed to Lucretia.  
But abstinence even, when practised too long,  
Disqualifies man for the purpose of song ;  
And nervous excitement, though serving awhile  
To glut with revenge — as to bless with a smile,

Must ever conduce, in "the nature of things,"  
To negative soon the enjoyment it brings.  
It is but an act, then, of justice to say  
That hunger and work having frittered away  
My passion for rhyme, I descended to prose,  
And failing in *that*, ended all in a doze.  
The balmy refreshment occurring on sleep,  
Which after some time grew insensibly deep,  
Presented me early this morning—inclined  
To revel in food at the cost of my mind ;  
But Virtue herself stepping cautiously in,  
Respectfully urged me not yet to begin.  
No longer, however, than while she remained  
Could passion submit to the law she ordained ;  
And taking at length both of coffee and toast,  
I thought little more of this virtuous host.  
But ah ! what are coffee and toast for a man,  
Engaged as am I in the arduous plan  
Of treating disease, which compels me to walk  
Many miles in a day, and incessantly talk

To those who are either affectedly weak,  
Or willing, but really unable to speak.  
Thus reasoned I now with myself, till at last  
I scarcely believed I had broken my fast ;  
When Virtue appearing, I instantly fought her  
With mealy potato and hot gin and water.  
The liquor, or some other spirit presiding,  
Reminds me of having professed to confide in  
Your friendship so long, that I cannot do better  
Than beg you will graciously foster this letter.  
The cheering effect of my singular meal  
Will not, I imagine, thus playfully steal  
Much longer in numbers adapted to move  
The maidens below or the Spirits above.  
I, therefore, with due Epicurean grace,  
Propose that, as soon as you can, you embrace,  
Not *me*, as indeed you would not if you might,  
But *this* invitation to pass the first night  
You can at my dwelling, where I and my wife  
Will amply provide the good things of this life.



Of eels\*, at this moment, we have but a few ;  
But these will afford a delectable stew  
For one who is anxious with animal grease  
The bulk of her own pretty form to increase.  
The season, again, I should say, by the by,  
Would sanction as well a recourse to mince pie\* ;  
And, lastly, to gladden your dear little heart,  
My fancy suggests a good black currant tart.\*  
“ But, stay ! will a lovely descendant of Chus  
Be willing,” asks one, “ to be entertained thus ?”  
And though I rejoice to have often agreed  
With you on the old Epicurean creed,  
In practice you wish to be well understood  
To choose the construction adopted by Good ;  
While I, in the version of some others read,  
Refuse to subsist upon water and bread :  
Yet come when you may, if the project will please,  
I promise to add but a morsel of cheese.

\* Articles of food, to which the lady's antipathies apply.

## THE HALLUCINATION.

WHAT greater proof can man require,  
 That earth is deeply charged with sin,  
 Than when he feels the hidden fire  
 Of hell within !

When day and night alternate fling  
 Their light and shade o'er all that live,  
 Yet joys that each is said to bring  
 They cease to give ;—

When winds from every adverse source  
 Assault him with conflicting breath,  
 And whispering Zephyrs in their course  
 Speak but of death ; —

When clouds of fearful darkness roll  
In terror through the vaulted sky,  
And, trembling for his guilty soul,  
Weep from on high ; —

When every sacred tie he holds  
Far dearer than the world's renown,  
Is broke — and beauty now beholds  
Him with a frown ; —

When men of every grade delight  
To witness his unceasing pain,  
And horrid phantoms through the night  
Distract his brain ; —

When murderers stand behind the trees,  
And wait but for his coming near ; —  
When objects that were wont to please  
Engender fear ; —

When viands that have been received  
As ministers of life and health,  
Are now of nourishment bereaved  
By treacherous stealth ;—

When brutes that once have loved him most  
Distrust his anxious look and word,  
And having waged defiance, boast  
With one accord ;—

When fluttering insects madly pour  
Their torture on his hapless head,  
And then to loftier regions soar,  
By fancy led ;—

When spectres foul dwell all around,  
And flit before him one by one ;—  
When shadows grim pursue the ground  
He walks upon ;—

When every passing sound alarms,  
And universal dread prevails ;—  
When melody hath lost its charms,  
And nought avails ;—

When simple causes thus conspire  
To aggravate the power of sin,  
The sufferer feels a constant fire  
Of hell within !

### SPRING FLOWERS.

"Ye field flowers! the garden's eclipse you, 'tis true."

How I love to repair to my Garden in Spring,  
 When the swallow is sporting about on the wing,  
     And the lark is exulting on high;  
 While the thrush and the linnet unitedly share  
 In the music that floats on the redolent air,  
     And the cuckoo is heard in reply!

At the earliest dawn of the delicate shoot,  
 That betokens some hardy perennial root  
     I have cherished to brighten with health,  
 There awakens a thrill of the rapture I knew  
 In my boyhood, to witness the border that grew  
     Me a bountiful treasure of wealth.

And the passion yet pleasantly soothes me awhile,  
To discover the violet wrapped in a smile  
    With the crocus that flourishes near,—  
And the playful anemone blushing to see  
The adonis vernalis enamoured with glee,  
    At the happiest month of the year.

What a raiment of beauty does Nature provide,  
When she decks the auricula out in her pride,  
    And invites the contemplative mind  
To the lovely narcissus in graceful attire,  
That enkindled the fervid Parnassian fire  
    In the learned and truly refined !

The diversified sweets of the season afford  
To the volatile bee a delectable hoard  
    Of the fruit she so artfully stores ;  
And the butterfly gaudily dances along  
To the murmur that dwells on her vigilant song,  
    And anon in an ecstasy soars.

Oh! I love to repair to my Garden in Spring,  
When the swallow is sporting about on the wing,  
    And the lark is exulting on high;  
While the thrush and the linnet unitedly share  
In the music that floats on the redolent air,  
    And the cuckoo is heard in reply.



## TO HER I LOVE.

LEND me the light that fills thine eyes  
    With lustre that the diamond wears ;  
Lend me the soul that wings the skies,  
    And converse with Jehovah shares ;  
And I will pass the starry round,  
Where none but glorious sweets abound.

Bless me with that benignant look  
    That Mercy entertains for thee,  
And lead me to that sacred book  
    Which points the way to heaven for me ;  
And lost to earth and sensual love,  
My home shall be with Christ above !

**LOVELY MAIDEN! EVER BEAMING.**

LOVELY maiden! ever beaming  
As thou art with native joy,  
Why is rude invective teeming  
With its unabashed alloy;  
Why are sin's malignant wiles  
Charged upon thy maiden smiles?

Happy as the dreamless child  
Waking from a long repose,  
Thou hast playfully beguiled  
Nature of her loveliest rose;  
Flourish near and nearer still,  
Fill my cup of sweetness, fill.

Faithful as a seraph tending

Virtue through the gates of death,

Thou delightest in befriending

Others to their latest breath ;

Happy if thou canst but give

Comfort to them whilst they live.

Now the private circle gracing,

Where redundant health obtains,

Thou art fondly seen embracing

Loveliness where'er it reigns,

Watchful only to impart

Bliss to every kindred heart.

Fairer than surrounding daughters,

Pledged to vain and foolish mirth,

Thine illustrious life hath taught us

Wisdom only from thy birth ;

Shine as ever, whilst I render

Homage to thy matchless splendour !

Is it that thy angel form,  
    Gifted with a soul as pure,  
Thus provokes the foulest storm  
    Virtue can on earth endure ?  
Oh ! then be thy heavenly store  
Poured upon thee more and more.

Every mean assault shall bring thee  
    Riches to the world unknown ;  
Every righteous thought shall wing thee  
    Nearer the eternal throne :  
Living thus in heaven's own light,  
Smile throughout thy brilliant flight.

## STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY, AFTER AN ABSENCE  
OF SOME YEARS.

To me the presence of thy form, dear maid,  
Wherein is loveliness itself displayed,  
Recals impressions of an earlier date,  
When childhood's graces did around thee wait.

Accustomed as I then had been to trace  
The promise fair in many a youthful face,  
I saw but faintly that the coming years  
Would bring o'er thee the change that now appears.

That dimpled smile, which once benignly shone  
With hallowed light peculiarly its own,  
On all who chanced within thy range to fall,  
Beams only now at Wisdom's sacred call.

That mirthful innocence which never cloyed,  
Nor with a pang thy mother's peace alloyed,  
By grace refined, now dignifies the scene  
With all the virtues of a heavenly mien.

The task I yield already in despair  
Of treating rightly what I ne'er can share,  
Till in my death those gifts are also mine,  
Which in this life, dear maid, are *only thine*.

## TO AMANDA.

THERE are visions so bright  
In the stillness of night,  
When thy lips are implanted on mine,  
That the angels above  
Might surrender their love,  
To inherit such kisses as thine.

The aërials sigh,  
As they hurry fast by,  
To partake of the joy that is ours;  
And disporting away,  
Flit along through the day,  
In the hope to obtain it in flowers.

And the fairies emerge  
From the silvery verge  
Of the fountains in which they reside,  
To be charmed with the air  
Of so happy a pair,  
And then back to their element glide.

---

The glad rays of the sun  
In their brilliancy run,  
To embrace us before they depart ;  
And the glimmering moon  
Rushes on with a boon  
Of enchantment for each other's heart.

An ethereal breeze  
Ever plays on the trees,  
When we walk in the loneliest shade ;  
And the songs of the birds  
Are the music of words  
That we breathe in the redolent glade.

As the meteors rise  
To our view in the skies,  
They invoke a perpetual rest  
On the bosoms that wear  
Not a vestige of care,  
But are always unspeakably blest.



## TO THE THRUSH.

HERALD of spring ! thy quickening call  
To unawakened joy inspires  
The listless grove, the fields, and all  
Inherent hope with fond desires ;  
While storms, arrested by thy spell,  
Shrink back in frozen wilds to dwell.

The Genii of the woods revere  
Thee as the soul of fabled Pan,  
Enlivening with thy strains the ear  
Of generous and untutored man ;  
And, smiling in their woodland flowers,  
They lure thee to their sylvan bowers.

Lavish of song, thy music fills  
The distant plain with varied mirth,  
That wakes the voice of echoing hills,  
Till all the teeming face of earth,  
Responsive to thy vocal sweets,  
The story of thy love repeats.

The shade of heathen Druid holds  
Communion with thy sprightly race,  
In mystic language that unfolds  
Its virtue in the pleasing grace  
Of mistletoe, dispensing charms  
To Britons with extended arms !

Pomona, with indulgent hand,  
Invites thee to her rich domain ;  
Yea, cultured and uncultured land  
Attest thy undisputed reign ;  
While admiration seals the tongue  
When listening to thy welcome song !

## THE HYACINTH.

WHEN Earth, refreshed by Winter's sleep,  
 Unfolds her ample charms to Spring,  
 The kindling Zephyr sighs with deep  
 Emotion as he bears his wing,  
 In concert with prolific showers,  
 O'er this the prince of vernal flowers.\*

\* For the instruction of those who may not have learned the fabulous history of this flower, I would remark that Hyacinthus, in the heathen mythology, is said to have been a favourite both with Apollo and Zephyrus; and that, at the impulse of jealousy, the latter blew a quoit, thrown by Apollo, on the head of Hyacinthus, and killed him on the spot. The disconsolate deity transformed his blood into the flower that bears his name. Zephyrus (Zephyr) identified with the West, or any calm soft wind, was said to produce flowers and fruits by the sweetness of his breath; and having been represented at Athens as a young man of delicate form, with two wings on his shoulders, the license I have adopted in this stanza will appear sufficiently intelligible.

An emerald tint discloses first  
The Hyacinth in sweet embrace,  
Until the ripening blossom burst  
The verdant bonds that hide its face,  
And mounting then its gorgeous stem,  
In glory lives this matchless gem.

Around the garden where it grows  
Its fragrant exhalations dwell,  
And if translated thence, it throws  
On some young heart its magic spell,  
And not unaptly prompts a sigh  
That such a lovely flower should die.

## TO LUCRETIA.

BE where I may, there is a spell  
That binds my heart so close to thine,  
No tongue could half its sweetness tell,  
Unless it spoke with power divine.

In hours of mirth, when hope invests  
The reigning thought with pure delight,  
The charm that on thy bosom rests  
Allures my fond enraptured sight.

In grief or anger, if thy face  
Disclose to me its wonted smile,  
That instant will such look efface  
Whatever ill thou wouldst beguile.

Should sickness hold remorseless sway  
Where now serenely rests my head,  
No aid like thine could well repay  
The torture of my sleepless bed.

Oh ! say not then, as late thou didst,  
That all thy brightest hours are gone,  
While unabated love, amidst  
Encircling friends, *exists in one*.

*That one* will I through future years  
With pure unshaken faith remain,  
Till haply all thy groundless fears  
Shall merge in sweet unending gain.

TO \* \* \* \* \*

WHEN kindred souls desire  
 To meet each other's gaze,  
 And mutually inspire  
 A love of wisdom's ways,  
 Their happiness is all divine,  
 And answers to a bliss like thine.

When absence ever fills  
 With sympathetic glow,  
 Each heart till it distils  
 In rapturous overflow,—  
 It answers to a bliss like thine,  
 And finds a parallel in mine.

A friendship thus refined  
 Shall flourish in the tomb,  
 Like thy immortal mind  
 In undecaying bloom,—  
 Till blest and perfected above,  
 It ripen into boundless love.

## SONNET.

TO \* \* \* \* \*

How shall I loose my treasured thoughts to tell  
     The transport of the soul from which they rise,  
     When one so fair, so lovely, and so wise  
 As thou, is mistress of the magic spell  
 That seals their impress: like the gushing well  
     That bursts its boundaries, my heart defies  
     The choicest language to portray the prize  
 With which angelic shades are wont to dwell !  
 While yet one great eternal law shall hold  
     Man's deathless spirit undisturbed and free,  
     Though, bounded but by space, my own shall range  
 O'er earth and skies, its fervour shall unfold  
     Increasing watchfulness and care for thee,  
     And only in its growing rapture change.



## STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY HEARING A LADY, ON HER BIRTHDAY, READ A FEW  
 LINES ADDRESSED BY BYRON TO HIS FRIEND MOORE, BEGINNING —

“What are you doing, now,  
 Oh! Thomas Moore?”

SINCE Byron might address his friend,  
 His classic friend Tom Moore,  
 In shabby verse, unfit to send  
 To any country boor;  
 I surely may on such a day  
 As this employ my pen,  
 To write a lay, while here I stay,  
 For thee my love again :

Believe me that I hail the hour  
 That shone upon thy birth,  
 No less than if thou hadst the power  
 To rule this sordid earth;  
 And could my heart to all impart  
 The joy derived from thee,  
 The keenest dart would lose its smart,  
 To find a heaven in me.

## YE SYLVAN GODS! THAT WATCH WITH CARE.

YE sylvan gods ! that watch with care  
The fate of each enchanting fair,  
When shady night hath spread her arms  
Around the lovers' mingled charms —  
Preside ye in this lone retreat,  
Where silence reigns divinely sweet ?

Oh ! if ye do, your magic lend,  
And with our own your graces blend ;  
Confer on each transporting kiss  
The virtue of enduring bliss ;  
And charge the moments as they fly  
To whisper an approving sigh.

The birds of sweetest song possessed  
Have all repaired to silent rest ;  
And passion far beyond control  
No longer fires the tuneful soul :  
The joy they feel in sunniest hours  
Unite, and let it all be ours.

Throughout the balmy air infuse  
A thousand odours dipped in dews ;  
And o'er the lap of beauty fling  
A charm no other prize can bring ;  
And still invoke the Powers above  
To fan our hearts with warmer love.

## THE BLACKBIRD.

WHENE'ER in thoughtful mood I rove,  
Where dwell the songsters loud and clear,  
'Tis not the music of the grove  
That most diverts my listening ear.  
For though unnumbered tuneful throats  
Commingle there in gladsome lays,  
They rival not the charming notes  
That swell the distant mead with praise.  
Far better pleased am I to take  
The little brook's meandering way,  
And hear from out the "thorny brake"  
The Blackbird hail the opening day.  
Its ever sweet melodious strain  
No sooner vibrates on my heart,  
Than all my youthful hopes again  
Throughout declining nature start.

And days that once profusely cast  
A radiant smile around my soul,  
Seem not as those already past,  
But still in fancy's eye to roll.  
And only to recal the scene  
When, yielding cheerfully to rule,  
I bounded lightly o'er the green,  
In journeying to the distant school \*,—  
While caroling in cloudless sky  
Appeared the lark on joyous wing,  
And birds of every varied dye  
Essayed with equal mirth to sing —

\* The road from Bulwell to Hucknall Torkard, passing through the estate of the Rev. Alfred Padley, affords in summer a delightful treat to the lovers of rural scenery. The school at Hucknall, but a few yards distant from the church in which lie the remains of the illustrious Byron, though it presents not now a like claim to distinction, was, at the period I allude to, conducted by the Rev. Joseph Bosworth, whose researches in Anglo-Saxon literature have earned for him a place in the esteem of every distinguished European scholar.

Is soon to dissipate the ills  
That most afflict my languid frame,  
And leave the rudest storm that chills  
But little more than known in name.  
Then will I court the lone retreat  
Where, sauntering unobserved along,  
Or choosing now my grassy seat,  
I may enjoy the Blackbird's song.  
And when in death this form shall lie,  
No other requiem do I crave—  
Than that this bird approaching nigh,  
May warble o'er my silent grave.

## DAISIES.

At the dawn of Creation, while all of the spheres  
Had as yet to compute their existence in years  
Of enduring, unchangeable Time,  
A memento of love, in a plentiful shower  
Of kisses from other orbs sweetened the hour  
Of their greeting with Earth in her prime.

In her generous bosom the welcome begot  
A reciprocal passion that, languishing not  
In the hands of her Maker whose praise is  
In all her dominions, insensibly reared  
An abundance of miniature stars, that appeared  
In the beautiful structure of daisies.

When the Sun in his splendour eclipses the light  
Of the planets that shine on her mantle by night,  
    With serene imperturbable ray,  
These little adornings of Nature supply  
Her with lustre, as jewels embellish the sky  
    With their beams on the Milky Way.

And when the pale goddess of night again throws  
Her veil over the skies, and invitingly glows  
    In the stars that bespangle her robe ;  
The daisies exhausted with laughing all day  
In the arms of the grasses that join them in play,  
    Sleep o'er the terraqueous globe.



## ON A LADY SLEEPING.

How can I refuse to comply with a duty,  
Enforced with an eloquence all but divine,  
That a lady reclining before me in beauty  
Deserves at my hand an appropriate line!

Sweet type of a seraph reposing in blisses,  
Thy spirit has only the flesh to lay down;  
And dreaming no longer of rapturous kisses,  
Away would it wing to undying renown!

## THE WILLOWS.

CONNECTED with my youthful home  
Was once a little plot of land,  
O'er which I might at leisure roam  
Unawed by any rude command;  
And this enclosure lay between  
My dwelling and the river Leen.

Along the bank, on either side  
Of that slow, solemn, winding stream,  
Grew Willows in luxuriant pride,  
That suffered not a transient gleam  
Of sunny mirth to play throughout  
The dark abodes of sullen trout.

In time the project was devised  
Of cutting down these shady trees,  
When one afflicted child advised,  
And begged upon his suppliant knees,  
That two he chose from out the rest  
Might live to calm his anxious breast.

The boon was granted, and he strove  
To profit by the glad event ;  
For when domestic murmurs drove  
Him from the scene, he always went  
Directly to these spreading trees,  
And recreated there at ease.

Invention was not long delayed  
In furnishing the fruitful thought,  
That if entrusted to the spade,  
This plot of land might soon be brought  
To such perfection as should grow  
Whate'er the climate could bestow.

A garden then included both  
The Willows that adorn my theme ;  
And since their truly rampant growth  
Obstructed in its course the stream  
Of golden light, again was held  
A council that they each be felled.

The little disapproving youth,  
By due consideration nerved,  
Maintained with such apparent truth  
That *one* might safely be preserved,  
That all consented to decree  
Forbearance to the larger tree.

Its fair associate in the blast  
Of many a ruthless, wintry storm,  
Defied all vengeance to the last,  
Inflicted on its graceful form ;  
But now decayed the sapless bole,  
As matter when devoid of soul.

The mother of this youth and he  
Proposed to heal the deadly breach,  
By substituting for this tree  
Some fond memorial that should teach  
The heart so long as life should last,  
To meditate on objects past.

With chosen rods from osiers rare  
They entered on the chaste design ;  
Arranging them with studied care,  
That each might with the rest entwine,  
To form a thickly verdant bower,  
Impervious to the hasty shower.

And *here* that mother loved to sit,  
When eve had playfully begun  
To chase the twilight, as it flit  
Behind the fast declining sun,  
And pour unnumbered treasures dear  
In precepts on the listening ear.

Full oft, when seeking thus to blend  
Instruction with maternal love,  
A guardian seraph would descend  
On wings of mercy from above,  
And pointing to the home in store,  
Again to heavenly regions soar.

The tears that in themselves bespeak  
More fervour than the tongue can tell,  
Would steal from her impassioned cheek  
O'er him her spirit loved too well—  
Too well to leave unaided yet  
Without a sigh, without regret.

The mystery of those boding tears  
The changing hand of time revealed;  
For sickness in succeeding years  
Her generous heart in slumber sealed;  
And brightening at the welcome given,  
Her soul "exhaled—and went to heaven."

The spot o'er which in life she shed  
A lustre that none other knew,  
Now mourned so truly for the dead,  
That every branch more pendent grew;  
And even to this distant hour  
Those Willows form a weeping bower.

## A COMMON LESSON.

Cedit item retro, de terrâ quod fuit ante,  
 In terras ; et, quod missum est ex ætheris oris,  
 Id rursum cœli relatum templa receptant.

Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat.* lib. ii. 996.

How oft will Youth, released from home  
 And Nature's fond endearing ties,  
 To distant lands undaunted roam,  
 Enamoured of some vast emprise :  
 Then ceasing with new hopes to burn,  
 Or crowned with Glory's halcyon rays,  
 To that dear native spot return,  
 For solace in declining days.

So the immortal Spirit quits  
 The wellspring of Eternal Light,  
 And led by dazzling splendour flits  
 On airy wings of craving sight :  
 Then wearied by successive years  
 Of sorrow in its toilsome quest,  
 Returns with penitential tears  
 Again unto its heavenly rest.

## THE VIOLET.

SOON as subsides the wintry storm,  
Along the verdant mound,  
Where drooping briers converge to form  
A secret bower, is found  
Retiring coyly from our view  
The Violet richly clothed in blue.

Invested with a kindred mien,  
The pretty youthful maid  
May oft with loitering steps be seen  
To court its lowly shade ;  
And pass the sweet inviting hour  
In converse with this lovely flower.



Translated to her peaceful breast  
It breathes an odour still,  
But fails beneath a ruder test  
Such fragrance to distil:  
A growth so slender, chaste, and pure,  
Can only gentleness endure.

Philosophy herself admires  
The virtues that it yields,  
And ravished with the charm, desires  
This tribute of the fields:  
For in her hands the flower is seen  
Disposed to blush — or smile in green.\*

\* The violet furnishes the chemist with a delicate test of the presence of both acids and alkalies, assuming a bright red in combination with the former, and green in the instance of the latter.

## TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL! sweet aërial wanderer, hail!

On thy serene expansive wing  
Comes ushered in the vernal gale,  
With all the rich delights of Spring.

Through thee the voice of Nature calls  
On every plant, and leaf, and flower,  
To catch the vivid light that falls,  
And drink the teeming fruitful shower.

Inspired by thee the lambkin skips  
Around its dam in lightsome mood,  
Toys with the daisy's smiling lips,  
And banquets on inviting food.

The child, arrested by thy lay,  
Stands listening with devoted heart,  
Drops from its hand the blooming spray,  
And wonders what device thou art.

And even Man—the stern abode  
Of toil and sorrow, hope and fear,  
Feels less of life's oppressive load  
When thy soft music charms his ear.

Should uncongenial winds arise  
To frown upon the festive plain,  
Though exultation fill the skies,  
We hearken for thy notes in vain.

'Tis only when all Nature teems  
With truly consentaneous joy,  
That melody's resistless streams  
Do thy impassioned breast employ.

On balmy wing “come gentle Spring,”  
And come thou pleasing wanderer too;  
And with unfaltering accent sing  
Thy voluntary strain—Cuckoo!

## SONNET.

TO HER I LOVE.

UNLIKE the flattered beauties of our race,  
That rule in loveliness where'er they be,  
Yet leave upon the heart of man no trace  
Of living undisturbed identity,  
The light embodied in thy pleasing face  
Glow with a fond beatitude on me,  
As does the pure invigorating grace  
That issues from the Throne of Deity.  
Around my soul the fertilizing rays  
Disport in images profusely sweet;  
And wrapped in such delight, no moral haze  
Obscures my daily path or lone retreat:  
A feast of more than earthly bliss I share,  
For thou art with me, and then heaven is there.

## A MIDNIGHT STUDY.

SWEET are the midnight hours that shed  
A hallowed peace on all around,  
As when by some bright spirit led,  
We quit the sphere of earthly ground.

Irradiate then, and uncontrolled,  
The spirit in its fervour soars  
Amidst the brilliant starry fold,  
And God in every stage adores.

Or by a deep mysterious law,  
Devised by uncreated Love,  
We muse awhile in sacred awe  
With some departed friend above.

To mingle thus in silent night  
With visions of celestial birth,  
Is to behold a glorious light,  
Whose coruscations reach the earth.

And even while we gaze thereon,  
Increasing faith exalts the glow,  
For heaven and earth appear as one,  
To light our feet where'er we go.

## AN ADDRESS

IN AID OF A PROJECTED BAZAAR FOR REDUCING THE DEBT INCURRED IN THE ERECTION OF WESLEY CHAPEL, NOTTINGHAM.  
MAY, 1841.

CHRISTIANS in common, of whatever sect  
Be ye to whom I tender my respect, —  
Know that the Lord, beyond the humble prayer  
Of those o'er whom He rules with sovereign care,  
Asks in return for all His hands have given  
A cheerful offering at the shrine of heaven.  
Permit me then your sympathy to ask,  
Since upon me devolves the pleasing task,  
In favour of that section of His Church  
In which have flourished men of great research,  
From Wesley down to those who now proclaim  
Within the chapel honoured by his name,

Truths which the God to whom they owe their birth  
Commanded to be taught through all the Earth.  
When late the friends of " Wesley Chapel " met  
In annual concert to reduce the debt  
Incurred thereon, a project from the " chair "  
Enjoined a large instalment for the year.  
Urged with befitting cogency it found  
Conviction in the hearts of all around ;  
Some promising their efforts in so far  
As should consist in aiding a Bazaar.  
Is it too much for me to ask of you,  
In proof of your concurrence in our view,  
That which in substance you can well afford,  
And which shall duly serve to grace our board?  
In earliest ages, when in sad despair  
Of reclamation stood the guilty pair,  
Imploring heaven with penitential tears  
To be the guardian of their future years,  
A voluntary sacrifice was made  
Conducive to the end for which they prayed.



The rite observed while oft in happy mood,  
Their youthful offspring near the altar stood,  
Its virtue fell upon their wondering sight  
In frequent visions of serene delight.  
The practice soon increasingly prevailed,  
Occurring most where sin was most bewailed ;  
Thus Abel " brought the firstlings of his flock,"  
Beside the " fruit " that formed the little stock  
Of votive offering which his brother found  
Was due from him as " tiller of the ground."  
Yet rampant o'er the world in frightful form  
Proceeded Vice, till crushed beneath the storm  
Of heavenly wrath lay scattered through the deep  
Its votaries in one sin-absorbing sleep.  
Still was the mode religiously observed  
In which time-honoured patriarchs had served  
Their God in worship, as in order stood  
They each before the desolating flood.  
For soon as Earth resuscitated lay,  
No more again to see the hapless day,

When guilty sons and daughters should infest  
With crimes of blackest hue her loathing breast,  
Till retributive justice overtake  
Herself as parent for her children's sake ;  
And whilst as yet disordered Nature spoke  
In tears, whose recent violence had broke  
The primitive arrangement as they rolled  
Throughout the troubled surface of the world,  
In fissures long and deep, that it should seem  
Nor art nor lapse of time could e'er redeem,—  
The father of the post-deluvian race  
Is seen with gentle, venerable pace,  
To search around where best he should erect  
An altar for the use of God's elect ;  
And there with thankfully uplifted eyes  
Present that memorable sacrifice,  
The " smell " whereof ascended to the skies.  
So might I muse yet further on this law  
Which each succeeding age more clearly saw

Prefigured Christ, whose advent should repel  
The march of sin, and chase affrighted hell !  
Yet o'er my ravished sight already play,  
As light when glimmering at the close of day,  
Some feeble pencilings, and in the East  
A star I see — oh ! let my spirit feast  
One moment here, to catch the heavenly flame  
That led the "wise" to search for Jesus' name.  
I want a heart so pure, that though afraid  
To touch the theme till having duly prayed  
His gracious will, should burn with holy zeal  
Allied to that which even angels feel :  
I want a pen plucked from the seraph's wing  
That did by night the joyful tidings bring  
To simple shepherds of the Saviour's birth,  
And peace proclaim to every soul on earth :  
I want that pen dipped in the streaming blood,  
Exhaustless fountain to the wise and good,  
And all that bright, that never-ending scroll  
Eternity should yield me in its roll,

Whereon to write the love of God to man,  
As witnessed in His great redeeming plan.  
What shall we render, — say ye who profess  
To live by faith a life of righteousness;  
Who having traced with me the early rise  
Of unconstrained, vicarious sacrifice,  
Till in the fulness of redeeming time  
The institution end in one sublime  
And priceless ransom, — unto Him who gave  
Therein Himself — a ruined world to save?  
Such boundless love, rejoin the Christian throng,  
Demands the tribute of a grateful song,  
And fervent prayer, involving heart and hand,  
That heavenly wisdom may pervade our land.  
Then let us each in *acts of grace* fulfil  
The pleasing task incumbent on us still;  
Let each alike in *faith and works* excel  
The zeal of which the sacred records tell.  
In what more fitly, or with purer joy,  
Might it be asked, could you some time employ

Than in preparing, as you surely are  
Well able, *something* for our great Bazaar?  
Deem not the mode in which we ask your aid  
Deserving scarce by you to be displayed;  
Engagements of a like exalted kind  
Have occupied the best constructed mind;  
And yours, if it deserve, shall find applause,  
And help us to extend your Maker's cause.  
Nor deem, again, should reasons interfere  
To check your progress in so just a sphere  
Of conscious duty — this, my last appeal  
Severe, or from its soft injunction steal:  
Let arts, inventions, and *such works* alone;  
Bring choice collections both of wood and stone,  
Gold, silver, brass, no mean oblations bring  
To mark your interest in the heavenly King;  
Nor "count them loss," so that in Christ you find  
The life He died to purchase for mankind.

## A NOONTIDE REFLECTION.

IN peerless grandeur rolls on high  
     The proudly central orb of light,  
 Diffusing through the cloudless sky  
     A lustre most divinely bright :  
 While all admiring Nature seems  
     To recognise the warm embrace,  
 And dancing in the solar beams,  
     Reflects a corresponding grace.

Yet soon this widely gilded sphere  
     Will droop beneath such ardent gaze,  
 And wrapped in sable night appear  
     Awhile to shun the fervid blaze ;  
 And soon, with all the mingled throng  
     That revel in debasing crime,  
 Be found eternally among  
     The wrecks of antecedent time.

## PAIN AND PLEASURE.

WHEN to the angry storms of day  
The settled calm of eve succeeds ;  
And cheerful hope illumines the way  
That yet to more enjoyment leads,—  
We deem the passing conflict o'er,  
And think upon its ills no more.

When in the gloomy shades of night  
The gladdening tints of morn appear,  
And visions rack the tortured sight  
No longer with imposing fear,—  
We rise forgetful of the smart  
That reached the uncomplaining heart.

When pain forsakes his wonted grasp

To rankle in some prouder form ;  
And love as heretofore can clasp  
Its votary with a breast as warm,—  
We revel in the fond embrace,  
And little of the past retrace.

And so when life with all its cares

Shall merge in one profound abyss,  
And man's immortal spirit shares  
In heaven a happier sphere than this,—  
The troubles of the passing scene  
Will be as though they ne'er had been.



## A TALE.

IN a garden attached to a pretty retreat,  
Where pleasure asserted her reign,  
A Robin selected a prominent seat,  
From which at his will he could merrily greet  
The abode with his wintry strain.

When the leaf of the lime and the flowering thorn  
Lay scattered abroad in the blast,  
His song could be heard in the neighbouring lawn,  
Saluting the light as it gilded the morn  
With hope of a sunny repast.

Then emerging again from his night-hidden spray,  
To lavish his praise upon man,  
He hurried in visions of gladness away,  
And sported in feeding and singing all day,  
Unconscious of life's little span.

For a boy that was wont to supply him with food,  
And gaze on his pretty red breast,  
Took up a thin pebble in frolicsome mood,  
And throwing it where the poor innocent stood,  
Consigned him at once to his rest.

The unfortunate death of the Robin was made  
A grief to the sensitive boy,  
So truly that taking a knife for a spade,  
He fashioned a grave, and then quietly laid  
The bird in it he chanced to destroy.

While a sister that mainly conducted the part  
Of clothing it first in a shroud,  
Poured out of the depths of her sorrowful heart  
The tears that await an ostensible smart,  
In sobbings continued and loud.

The solemnity o'er, to the parlour she stole,  
And silently closing the door,  
A Mouse unexpectedly quitted his hole,  
And seeking security under the sole  
Of her foot was found dead on the floor.

And the sun that illumined that perilous day,  
Yet languidly shone on the house,  
When each of the children consented to lay  
With the first little speck of inanimate clay  
The delicate form of the Mouse.

## STANZAS

WRITTEN IN THE CHARACTER OF ONE OF MY  
TWIN DAUGHTERS.

I LONG to leave the smoky town,  
And loiter where my father goes  
To muse awhile, and shun the frown  
That steals upon his calm repose.

For in his garden do I find  
So many things to please the sight,  
That often have I truly pined  
To linger in its shade till night.

The pretty level walks are wide,  
And all throughout the year is seen  
A row of box on either side,  
As straight as it is neat and clean.

And Violets in the Spring abound  
So freely, that with ease I could  
Collect as many as are found  
To grow beside the neighbouring wood.

The Snowdrop and the Crocus too  
Spring up as though the land were strewn  
With jewels of some precious hue,  
From which the rival tints had grown.

And when the early flowers are gone,  
The Lily of the Valley greets  
The fond desire of every one  
That covets her secluded sweets.

Coeval with her modest reign,  
The little joyous Daphne glows  
With fragrance, that we all maintain  
Exceeds the more exalted rose.

But Lilies of unbounded grace  
And loveliness perfume the air,  
In which the youthful heart might trace  
Some likeness to his gifted fair.

The Honeysuckle clasps the arms  
Extended to sustain the flower,  
And through the fervid Summer charms  
The senses at the evening hour.

The Roses flourish on each bush  
As daisies deck the cheerful lawn,  
And in the month of June we rush  
To crop them every night and morn.

But oh ! I cannot tell the rich  
And varied sweetness of that spot,  
So many are the beauties which  
Would seem to say "*forget me not.*"

Yet this I know — that Evergreens,  
As Cedars and the rarest Yews,  
Present a feast that hourly weans  
My soul from less delightful views.

For all the birds of tuneful song  
Within this lovely garden meet,  
And gayly warbling all day long,  
They make my happiness complete.

THE FOLLOWING STANZAS WERE WRITTEN IN AN EVENING  
PARTY, AT THE SOLICITATION OF SOME FRIENDS.

## I.

TO \* \* \* \* \*

AWAKE, thou art my brilliant maid,  
More beauteous than the Eastern light  
For which the sons and daughters prayed,  
When sorrowing in Egyptian night:  
Asleep, I know not what thou art,  
But oh ! forgive me if I crave  
In all thy bliss to share some part,  
Or mingle with thee in thy grave.

## II.

TO \* \* \* \* \*

IF beauty be the healing balm  
That never fails to soothe in pain ;  
If heavenly wisdom, bright and calm,  
Exist without an earthly stain ;  
Then thou art all my heart desires,  
And all that even God requires.



## THE NARCISSUS.

IN ages past when Flora saw,  
In limpid waters as they ran,  
With mingled sense of love and awe  
The features of imposing man,  
She mourned to find her chaste retreat  
Grew not a gem so fair and sweet.

Disconsolate, the Goddess flew  
To Venus with alluring grace,  
Who with the aid of Cupid slew  
The loveliest of the human race ;  
And now transmuted in their sight,  
Arose a flower intensely white.

The Deities in concert eyed  
The subject of this strange event,  
Which, as it grew, in sweetness vied  
With lilies of the purest scent,  
Till one, in virtue of her reign,  
Enriched with it her beauteous train.

In honour of the classic name  
Of him from whom the treasure sprang,  
This flower attained so bright a fame  
That Greece with acclamation rang,  
And spreading as with wings unfurled,  
It soon adorned the peopled world.

## SONG.

SHALL I tell you the joys I have known  
In a lovely poetic retreat,  
Where lilies and roses are grown  
In clusters ineffably sweet ?  
Then listen to all that my heart  
In its tenderness seeks to recal,  
And the pleasure it longs to impart  
Shall be equally shared by us all.

When the Sun has reflected his beams  
On the languishing face of his Queen,  
I have walked in the silvery gleams,  
Where the lilies and roses are seen :  
But a brighter and lovelier light  
Than even the Moon can bestow,  
Has illumined the darkness of night,  
And enraptured my heart with its glow.

Ah ! the spirits that dwell in the air,  
And revel in blisses as sweet,  
Might sigh for the pleasures I share,  
And envy my happy retreat :  
But think not my lips to beguile  
Of the dearest my heart can recal ;  
Such a theme might elicit a smile,  
If I ventured to tell you it all !

## TO THE SKY-LARK.

POETS of mean and prouder name

In thee have found abundant scope,  
To foster at the shrine of Fame

The promise of their brightest hope :  
For thou art Nature's living star

That ministers to earth and sky,  
In livelier images by far

Than other birds that wing us by.

While yet the Earth in darkness veils

The offspring of her timely care,  
And but a vagrant note assails

The silence of the midnight air,—  
Impatient dost thou count the hours

That intercept the pleasing sight  
Of joyous fields adorned with flowers,  
Expanding to the blaze of light.

And faithful to the morning Sun,  
Before his beams are yet displayed,  
Through busy mazes dost thou run  
To whisper of departing shade :  
Then mounting up with graceful wing,  
To catch the first impinging ray,  
With envied fervour dost thou sing  
The glories of the rising day.

Descending next the liquid plains,  
As though a heavenly missive fell,  
To guide the feet of simple swains  
Where only true enjoyments dwell ;  
Thy interchange of mirth awhile  
With her that waits the glad return,  
Bids uncorrupted Nature smile,  
And man with homely passion burn.

The scene dissolved, ah ! who but they  
That move in so divine a sphere,  
Can tell how sweet the fruits of May  
To thee on soaring wings appear ;  
When every glittering dew-drop shines  
Translucent as the fairest gem,  
That happily with art combines  
To grace the richest diadem !

While nurtured by the floating cloud,  
And gazing on the bright expanse  
Of Earth and sky, what beauties crowd  
Upon thee at a moment's glance !  
'Tis more than heaven thus high to range,  
And carol in thy wonted strain,  
And feel that when disposed to change,  
Thou yet canst soon the earth regain.

## SONNET.

ON SEEING A COMB FALL OFTEN FROM  
A LADY'S HAIR.

AH! luckless comb: inexorable fate  
Preserves thee as a type of one whose vain  
Ambition to secure some high estate  
Decrees him but a transitory reign.  
To hold in custody, exempt from pain,  
While interested in the stern debate,  
The tresses which invest that fruitful brain  
Would task a genius profoundly great.  
Electrical with mind, the silken hair  
That beautifies the lovely maiden's head,  
Repudiates the soft artistic care  
With which adornings are around it spread,—  
And flows respondent to the boundless soul  
That bends all others to its just control.



## OH! HAD I NOT TASTED.

OH! had I not tasted the sweets of that kiss,  
 Which in passion's adventure I sought for in thee,  
 My soul had not known the full measure of bliss  
 That the Goddess of Love had reserved unto me.

Through seasons of pleasure alternately changing  
 With grief as the light does of heaven with gloom,  
 Did I look for an image like thine till in ranging  
 The earth I exhausted my juvenile bloom.

And when gathering sorrows revealed the sad story  
 That youth and expectancy both had declined,  
 Thou didst rise as a star in the path-way of glory,  
 And cast thine effulgence direct on my mind.

With fondness I welcome the lustre while playing  
 In all its divine coruscations of light;  
 And would gladly surrender my soul in repaying  
 Thy presence with kisses from morn until night.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

A FABLE.

SAID the Spider to a Fly,  
 "How severely do you try  
 All the artifice suggested by invention,  
 In thus looking through my lattice,  
 As if saying, 'Well now that is  
 Better finished than some others I could mention.'

"Pray why don't you, when so rude,  
 Say 'I hope I don't intrude,'  
 And in proof of your good wishes put your head in ;  
 And with unexampled grace  
 Would I instantly embrace  
 You as do people when they consummate their wedding."

Then relying on his word,  
She with confidence inferred  
That her safety might be trusted to his honour ;  
When, as oft will wicked man,  
With his victim if he can,  
He now laid his rudely treacherous hand upon her.

PLEASANT IS A FEAST OF FLOWERS.

PLEASANT is a feast of flowers,  
Gathered in the season  
When we dedicate the hours  
Purposely to reason.

Pleasant is it to report,  
In such little rambles,  
All the interesting sport  
Found in youthful gambols.

Pleasant is it to confide  
Musings to another,  
When adhering to one's side  
Closer than a brother.

Pleasant both to young and old  
Is a tale of fiction,  
When its incidents are told  
In the purest diction.

Pleasant is it to rehearse  
Deeds of martial glory,  
In a well selected verse,  
Worthy of the story.

Pleasant is the silver tongue,  
When it kindly hails us  
With an antidote in song,  
For whate'er assails us.

Pleasant is the morning sun,  
When its beam discloses  
Children that we dote upon,  
Blushing like the roses.

AH! WHY SO SWEET AT EARLY DAWN.

AH! why so sweet at early dawn  
Appears this welcome day,  
That birds on each inviting thorn  
Should sing their choicest lay.

The thirsty hills that boldly rise  
Above the verdant plain,  
Invoke the rude prolific skies  
To pour their gladdening rain.

The Sun rejoicing in his might  
Surveys the gorgeous scene,  
And spreads before my wishful sight  
His favourite robe of green.

Awakened Flora looks around,  
    Abashed to meet his gaze,  
And scatters o'er the blushing ground  
    The product of his rays.

The giant trees extend their arms  
    With unpretending grace,  
And listen to the countless charms  
    Of all the feathered race.

The neighbouring river seems to wend  
    More proudly than before ;  
While laughing tributaries tend  
    To swell his ample store.

The little fish that gayly glide  
    Along the limpid stream,  
Luxuriate with unwonted pride  
    Beneath the quickening gleam.

The playful Zephyr mildly tells  
All Nature on his way,  
That pleasure most his bosom swells  
Throughout propitious May.

Responsive to my heart the morn  
Bids every tongue rejoice,  
That on this hallowed day was born  
The idol of my choice.



# THE SWIFT.

Not a breath in the air on a midsummer day  
 Does so lightly and gracefully rise,  
 As the Swift when he mounts with his fellows in play,  
 To ride upon æther in wanton array,  
 While feasting himself on the flies.

Not a pencil of light as it passes in space,  
 To inspirit the bosom of earth,  
 Imparts to the mind so affecting a trace  
 Of beauty and happiness, fleetness and grace,  
 As the Swift in his rapturous mirth.

Not a meteor shoots in the fathomless sky  
 More true to the laws of its sphere,  
 Than the Swift when he joyfully revels on high,  
 And wheeling and dashing exults in his cry,  
 Till the objects of sight disappear.

Not a wish can so rapidly wing the fond heart

To the final abode of its rest,

As the flight of this bird when he longs to depart,

And looking to Africa flies like a dart,

To repose in a sunnier nest.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

ALL hail, indulgent May!  
 That gilds the smiling scene  
 With warm effulgent ray,  
 And decks in liveliest green  
 The flowers that now in beauty rise,  
 To greet the transport of the skies.

The culling of such flowers  
 Along the heath and lawn,  
 Engaged my happiest hours  
 In youth's eventful dawn,  
 And oft inspired with grateful lay  
 My heart throughout the devious way.

The choicest of the few  
That Nature highly dressed,

I placed as if they grew  
Directly on my breast;  
And while they bloomed in freshness there,  
I yielded not to grief or care.

But now, alas! the charm,  
Grown obsolete with years,  
Fails wholly to disarm  
My soul of anxious fears;  
And all my hope when ills o'erpower,  
Lies in one everlasting flower.

Then hail, auspicious May!  
With all thy festive mirth;  
And hail the joyful day  
That chronicled the birth  
Of her, whom but to hear and see,  
Is like eternal life to me.

## STANZAS

SUGGESTED DURING AN ATTENDANCE ON DIVINE WORSHIP, IN  
THE EVENING OF SUNDAY, SEPT. 22. 1850.

How oft, oh Lord! have I professed  
Within Thy courts to seek for grace,  
And yet the while with impious zest  
Have dared to mock Thee to Thy face.

A faulty style, a word misplaced,  
Or even an unwelcome tone  
In Thine anointed, has effaced  
The feeble light that in me shone.

If eloquence have touched the chord  
Of tenderness for one short hour,  
Succeeding apathy has lowered  
The standard of its melting power.

A thousand grateful hearts employed  
In offering up their praise to Thee,  
Have shown me what a godless void  
Unhappily prevails in me.

And though resolved to spend my days  
Hereafter at my Master's feet,  
As often have I sought the ways  
In which unholy passions meet.

When shall I, Lord, on earth attain  
The conscious rectitude I need,  
And feeling that to die is gain,  
Be thus from apprehension freed?

I want that purity of heart  
Which, lost to every sense beside,  
Shall see in all things that Thou art,  
And Thou alone, my hope and guide.

## A VISION.

IN dark foreboding Horror sat enshrined  
 Amidst the tombs, with pallor deeply graven  
 Upon his demon shape : around him twined  
 The undying worm with which the earth was paven,—  
 Black and insatiate as the night-winged raven.  
 Quenching affrighted Hope with venom'd tongue,  
 And gnawing in despite the spirits craven,  
 Missiles of reeking hate he wildly flung  
 With quick unerring aim upon the palsied throng.

Forth issued from its slimy bed obscure,  
 Weaving a volume of incessant plaint,  
 A priestly shadow, loathsome and impure  
 As imprecation, hurled by frenzied saint  
 On rival creed, abjuring all restraint.  
 Starting with fell convulsive glare, it passed  
 The monster Phantom, deepening every taint  
 Of its own hideousness, till rooted fast  
 In foul identity that should for ages last.

Then came another crimsoned o'er with blood,  
Drawn from the broken heart-strings of his sire,  
Which, in a warm antagonistic flood,  
Had slaked the burning of the murderer's ire.  
Slowly consuming as the funeral pyre,  
But destined ever in this grave to writhe,  
He lighted up the tombs with living fire,  
That levied on Remorse a heavier tithe  
Than oft ensues upon Death's sin-avenging scythe.

Steeped in the curse of lust's incestuous deed  
And sordidness inextricably woven,  
Was one who impiously sought to plead  
Unconsciousness of crimes too clearly proven.  
Upon his head the foot of Horror, cloven  
With hell's dread wrought inimitable die,  
Was stamped, as clay is for the yawning oven;  
And darting hatred from his lurid eye,  
He rolled unpitied in despair and agony.



Fresh from the lone incendiary fire  
That rose in terror at his base command,  
Now stood a wretch, imperiled as the byre  
That tottering fell beneath his vengeful hand.  
By deathless furies in contention fanned,  
Rivers of liquid torment did he gorge,  
And vomit back on the derisive band,  
Till fiercely maddened by the damning scourge,  
He leaped—but to explore the vast sulphureous forge.

Quailing before the Spectre, as he stole  
With soft perfidious aspect into view,  
The wily, flattering, and seductive soul  
More naked, hapless, and revolting grew.  
A host of myrmidons around him drew,  
Abetted by his victims' louder wail;  
And while they often treacherously threw  
Disdain on him, some listened to his tale,  
And then with multiplied revenge did on him rail.

Loaded with gross impurity, at which  
Earth belched her hidden fires upon the plain,  
Arose a miscreant from the secret niche  
That veiled no longer his unnatural stain.  
On him did molten wrath so thickly rain,  
That even Horror looked the more aghast ;  
And fiends embittered with increasing pain,  
Ran howling to escape the furious blast  
That God's commands outraged did now unceasing cast.

Unsated with the lure of living death  
That mourned in hopelessness the loss of heaven,  
The Phantom sighed, and in his poisonous breath  
Infused a constantly corroding leaven.  
By love of pain and devastation driven,  
He turned upon himself in burning rage,  
Which neither unrepentant sin, nor even  
The fruitless prayers of thousands could assuage,  
And feasted on intestine war from age to age.

## STANZAS

WRITTEN FOR AN AFFLICTED LITTLE FRIEND.

O THAT I were some heedless thing  
That flits before my sight,  
Still hurrying on with eager wing  
In transports of delight.

Unfettered then with anxious care,  
My joy from hour to hour  
Should be with lightsome heart to share  
The sweets of every flower.

Away would I from passing scenes  
Of cheerless aspect fly,  
To seek the more inviting means  
Of pleasure in the sky.

The dawning of the vernal sun  
Should lure me into play ;  
And exercises thus begun  
Grow brighter with the day.

My thirst should often be repaired  
With juices of the vine ;  
And gifts, by heaven or art prepared,  
Be all accounted mine.

The melody of birds should swell  
My little joyous store ;  
And every contribution tell  
More sweetly than before.

But destined as I am to live  
Through one eternal span,  
To others must I also give  
The willing aid of man :

And treat whatever God hath made,  
Down to the simple fly,  
As well becomes the noblest grade,  
“ A sinner born to die.”

## A SONG.

WHILE joyous May,  
In bright array,  
His genial aid imparts,  
To swell the love  
The Powers above  
Confide to kindred hearts,  
Will I repair,  
Devoid of care,  
Where lovers only meet,  
With her whose eyes  
I dearly prize,  
And languish at her feet.

No gem to her  
Do I prefer,  
Amongst the virtuous many,  
Nor could I rest,  
If once she blessed  
Another soul, with any :  
Then be the fate  
My bitterest hate  
Of those who would us sever,  
And warmer still  
Our mutual will  
To grow in love for ever !

## AN INVOCATION TO THE LIMES.

HEAR me, ye lofty spreading trees,  
    Beneath whose verdant shade I lie !  
And fan the passing fragrant breeze  
    That languidly comes whispering by,  
With Nature's rich poetic fire,  
Beyond the reach of harp or lyre.

Call up as well the joyous thrush  
    With all his ever-varying notes,  
And draw from every hawthorn bush  
    The music of the choicest throats ;  
For slumbering eve will quickly veil  
The plumage of the vocal dale.

Arouse the lark, and let him soar  
Exulting to the purple cloud,  
And on the smiling landscape pour  
His happy strain elate and loud ;  
And prompt the babbling brooks to flow  
In laughter-loving streams below.

Where is the bird whose song excels  
The fabled charm of lute and reed,  
Whose glowing, soft inflection swells  
The transport of the vernal mead ;  
Inspire the blackbird now with tune  
To warble o'er the sweets of June.

When dies the pleasing mingled sound,  
And all the loftier joys are fled,  
Decoy the landrail near the ground  
On which my listless form is spread ;  
And let me hear his welcome call  
In grating accents timely fall.



Then woo the nightingale with dreams  
Of pastime from the distant grove,  
To sing beneath the flickering beams  
Of hasty night while here I rove ;  
And breathe in pure *Æolian* lays  
To bounteous heaven the theme of praise !

## THE WIRE-WORM.

DESPAIRING is it said thy reign  
    Humiliates the proudest nation ;  
Thou mean incorrigible bane  
    Of vegetation !

The agriculturist has found  
    Employment in the vain endeavour,  
By artifice to purge the ground  
    Of thee for ever !

And science has been importuned  
    To join in the protracted contest,  
Yet preyest thou, while thus impugned,  
    On all thou wantest.

The patriot has lent his aid  
To compass thy extermination,  
In pity for the havoc made  
On fair creation.

Still sheltered in thy brazen crust,  
And every tempting product sharing,  
Thou ravagest the parent dust  
With reckless daring.

The garden mourns the deadly blight  
Inflicted by thy loathsome presence,  
Blot as thou art upon the light  
Of efflorescence !

On every reptile in the earth  
Incessant warfare dost thou level,  
Dispredding anguish, toil, and dearth,  
As does the devil !

## THE CRICKET.

LET those who are pleased to bestow on the Cricket  
Their fond adulation, with him ever dwell;  
But had I the race at command I would kick it  
With studied precision instanter to h—.

When first was imported the little vile sinner,  
Of Cowper and crickets I heard a great deal;  
But never conceived that to eke out a dinner,  
This friend of the bard would be tempted to steal.

Yet sorely my faith in his honour was shaken,  
When following soon his impertinent call,  
The little intruder was verily taken  
In boring his rascally head through a wall.

And then, as if rivaling other audacious  
Invaders of dwellings, when having got in,  
He further proceeded with truly rapacious  
Design to commit a still heavier sin.

For worsted and wool, in whatever condition  
This product of sheep might occur to his view,  
He mangled, and thus by an easy transition  
Converted to shreds what he found to be new.

Nor less to be dreaded by those who delight in  
The calm that obtains when the evening is still,  
At least if allied to myself is the plight in  
To which they are thrown by his harassing thrill.

So arrant a thief and incessant a bawler,  
Ye gods ! in your love for the Muse take away ;  
For surely no greater mishap could befall her  
Than thus to be dinned with his turbulent play.

## A GENTLE REMONSTRANCE,

ADDRESSED TO AN IMPERTINENT YOUTH WHO HAD SPOKEN CON-  
TEMPTUOUSLY OF A SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. J. LOUTIT,  
JAN. 28, 1848.

THOU Spark of Hell's creative blast,  
Whom no amount of grace can smother ;  
From age to age thy reign shall last  
With Satan as thy friend and brother !

And since the rage of deathless sin  
Burns fiercest with no heaven about it,  
Guard thou that hellish fire within,  
Nor let it once be quenched by Loutit.

\* \* \* \*

## SONNET.

## REFLECTIONS ON A GARDEN SLUG.

WHEN Hell's proud Monarch saw the peaceful reign  
 Of Love in Paradise, and sought to spoil  
 The sweet luxuriance of the teeming soil,  
 He spawned upon its breast a slimy stain,  
 From which arose a simultaneous train  
 Of living slugs, whose slow, insidious toil  
 Should oft, like sin, beyond redemption foil  
 Our hope of present as of future gain.  
 Would that "the salt" of unregenerate earth  
 Were universally diffused around,  
 And living Nature in our day were found  
 As when the "morning stars" surveyed her birth,  
 And "sang" with angels in ther rapturous mirth,  
 While sinless harmony bespread the ground.

A COMMENDATION OF YOUTH TO THE  
PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

EXHAUSTLESS Source of light and truth !

From whom as well all wisdom springs,

Instruct we pray our rising youth,

And build them up in holiest things,—

That we who on Thy grace depend,

May see them unto heaven ascend.

Pregnant alike with toil and woe

Is all their little labouring life ;

While on their way the deathless foe

Provokes them to perpetual strife ;

And none can help them in their need,

Unless Thou deign to intercede.



To Thee we then commend our charge,  
And trusting to the promise given,  
Entreat Thee humbly to enlarge  
Their souls with ripening love for heaven;  
That all through watchfulness and prayer,  
In Christ may full redemption share.

## TO THE SKYLARK.

LIGHT as an exhalation lent  
By earth unto the thirsty sky,  
When on a heavenly mission sent,  
Dost thou with airy pinions fly :  
But true to that maternal source  
To which ethereal vapours tend,  
When having sped thy lofty course,  
Dost thou with longing heart descend.

What secret purpose dost thou fill,  
As yet to curious man unknown,  
While boasting of his ample skill  
To make thy genius serve his own ?  
Fancy shall aid the proud pursuit  
Of reason with her fond surmise,  
And trace, where wisdom might be mute,  
Thy province through the earth and skies.

As all-pervading hope expands  
And brightens in the human breast,  
Increasing riches crown the lands  
On which thy gentle feet are pressed :  
As love inspires a like return  
Of blessings from a kindred store,  
The fields with glowing rapture burn  
Where thou art daily pleased to soar.

Thou spirit of unclouded light,  
Though in a simple vesture clad,  
Thy warbling from the viewless height  
Makes universal Nature glad !  
The mighty Sun in fondness seems  
To shed his brightest rays on thee,  
And clouds await to quench his beams  
Beneath their purple canopy.

When floating thus in liquid air,  
As planets in eternal space,  
Admiring orbs profusely share  
An interest in thy boundless grace :  
When joyous earth again beholds  
Thy presence in the sure descent,  
Her leafy wings she still unfolds  
To aid thee in thy blest intent.

Essential to the sacred cause  
Of priceless comfort as thou art,  
Who would not wish to learn the laws  
That tune so blithe and pure a heart !  
Then blush thou rude insensate man,  
Who, heedless of this songster's praise,  
Wouldst limit if thou couldst his span  
Of life to some few brilliant days.

## TO ELLEN.

WELL ! thou art fair, and oftentimes

    This passing thought will lure my breast,  
The proudest maids of Eastern climes  
    Have not so sweet a form possessed.

But thou art specious as yon orb  
    That glitters with delusive ray,  
Before the vagrant clouds absorb  
    Its lustre in advancing day.

For if the smile of jocund morn  
    Give promise of a lasting reign,  
The lovely tints that most adorn  
    That smile thou dost but ill sustain.

And if at eve my longing sight  
Be witness of thy calm decline,  
Thy spirit through the watchful night  
Lives not in intercourse with mine.

But widely does it range the skies,  
Exulting upon Fancy's wing,  
Where odours in profusion rise,  
And greet thee with the sweets they bring.

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

## TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

My dearly beloved and pretty Miss Stone,  
 To you and your mother this letter comes greeting :  
 Nor does it convey my affection alone,  
 But that of the circle we all of us meet in.

Your snug little hearth is reputedly graced  
 Just now with a somewhat remarkable feature,  
 Which, were it not yet in a vessel encased,  
 Might fitly be deemed a celestial creature.

A conjunction of qualities lofty and rare  
 As those we discover in this clever girl,  
 Has entitled her long you are doubtless aware  
 To be called, in poetical language, "*the Pearl*."

And claiming, as gems of a high order do,  
The treatment adapted to one of her class,  
We humour her more, and I beg you will too,  
Than we should if we viewed her as one of the mass.

Provided her passion for young Mr. Slater  
Induce you to walk with her some day to see him,  
Be careful to subject my friend to no greater  
Expense than the kisses with which she will fee him.

The dangers to one of her exquisite mould  
Are many when slowly returning by night;  
And should she again take a very bad cold,  
Consumption will steal her away from your sight.

Present me as faithful and just an account  
As you can of Miss Pattison's sayings and doings;  
And do me the favour to swell the amount  
With an accurate list of her numerous wooings.



Moreover, convey to "*the Pearl*" my regard,  
In language as tender as love can apply ;  
And tell her I say she must not study hard,  
Well knowing as she and the doctor do why.

Nor would I omit in the end to say shall you  
Consider it prudent to place in the van,  
A lady surpassing all others in value,  
And let her return with an ignorant man ?

If so, we shall fully expect her by Crampton :  
And lest she or I should her visit bewail,  
Take care that she comes with a hardiness stamped on  
The face that was lately deplorably pale.

## STANZAS.

TORN by the cares that hourly throw  
 A deepening shade around my breast,  
 Nor love, nor pity's softest glow,  
 Can soothe my labouring heart to rest.

Inspired with hope, as yet I seek  
 The solace of some favourite theme,  
 But shrink, irresolute and weak,  
 To prosecute a happier scheme.

The Muse that once awakened bliss,  
 When sterner occupations failed,  
 Now yields no antidote like this  
 For sadness that has long prevailed

Love, even love, corrodes the dart  
 Implanted by increasing care,  
 And leaves it in my wounded heart,  
 To fester unabated there.

THE FOLLOWING EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION WAS WRITTEN  
IN THE SOCIAL CIRCLE, AT THE INSTANCE OF A MOMEN-  
TARY EBULLITION OF FEELING, WHICH THE READER  
WILL BE AT NO LOSS TO DISCOVER.

WHAT lovely creatures Women are !

They look as if the Genius of  
The Great, "the Bright and Morning Star"  
Had just bequeathed them from above,  
To show what precious fruits arise  
Usparingly beyond the skies !

But then how changed the Women are  
By intercourse with hopeful man !  
Whose best designs they often mar,  
And seem the happiest when they can ;  
As though the fruit of heaven could not  
Bloom *here* without a cankering spot.

Ah Woman ! truly as thou art  
 The fairest of the human race,  
 Does Earth, alas ! too soon impart  
 Corruption to thy sweetest grace,—  
 And leave thee unredeemed at last,  
 Unlike the angel that thou wast.

A LADY, STUNG BY THE REFLECTION, IMMEDIATELY SUB-  
 JOINED ANOTHER STANZA :—

If Women are angels, alas ! for the race  
 That has suffered as much as a race ever can ;  
 For spite of their reason, and spite of their grace,  
 Their only companion is devilish man.

## SONG.

OH ! tell me not beauty resides in the form  
That distinguishes rubicund health,  
Nor yet that the heart of a lover can warm  
In the fancied enjoyment of wealth :  
The passion that yields to no earthly control,  
Finds only a permanent balm in the soul.

And that which adorns in an active degree  
The receptacle Nature hath given,  
And is held in the wisdom of sages to be  
The most lofty bestowment of heaven,  
Is the prize unto which I would ever aspire,  
As that which alone can repay my desire.

But tell me not Nature, however inclined  
To reward with her bounties the fair,  
Confers upon those the distinction of mind  
Who inherit her temporal care :  
The soul that is filled with an essence divine,  
Can only in features ethereal shine.

## THE BUTTERCUP.

BEFORE the sweet enlivening Spring  
Assumes a general robe of green,  
And woods with kindly greetings ring,  
Along their shadowy base is seen  
A flower of golden dye.

Then skirting round the verdant field,  
Where little rude embankments rise,  
And shrubs of daring aspect yield  
A refuge from the stormy skies,  
This flower again is seen.

And stealing now o'er all the plain,  
A widely destined course to run,  
It gayly drinks the vernal rain,  
Or basks beneath the gorgeous sun  
Throughout the smiling day.

In playful mood it gains the edge  
Of many a silvery lake and stream,  
And loitering near the treacherous sedge,  
Would seem about in fancy's dream  
To kiss its shining face.

Come ye who, in such season, bend  
Your steps where Nature's hand designs  
To form these little gifts, and send  
Them blooming forth as gilded shrines,  
To fan devotion's flame,—

Who, though ye meditate her laws,  
And praise the source from which they flow,  
May not have learned the secret cause  
Why buttercups profusely grow  
On every path we tread.

As solar light and heat convey  
Activity to man and beast,  
The meaner tribes, no less than they,  
Instinctively disport and feast  
Beneath the quickening beam.

And every pretty shining flower  
That greets the little rambler's sight,  
Awakens from its nightly bower,  
To catch the rays of orient light  
That crown the teeming earth.

Attracted by the glittering gem,  
The lately torpid insect tries  
With tottering step to mount the stem,  
Or briskly to its summit flies,  
Where pleasure waits around.



For having kissed the vivid rays,  
The polished cup reflects them all,  
And, while the tiny wanderer stays,  
On its aërial guest they fall,  
And stimulate to flight.

Thus myriads in the varied troops  
Of busy life that wing the air,  
Are nurtured by the smiling groups  
Of buttercups that deck the fair  
And lovely face of Spring.

Nor does this unpretending plant,  
When scattered o'er the fertile mead,  
Contribute less to meet the want  
Of oxen and the nervous steed  
That wanton in its course.\*

\* See Notes.

**THE SWEETS OF SPRING.**

To him whose aim is to be wise,  
Earth lends her pleasures pure and bright,  
And not the less when Nature lies  
Insensibly becalmed in night.

For who that walks abroad in Spring,  
When all is prodigal of joy,  
Finds not in "every living thing"  
Wonders that might his thoughts employ.

The simple unpretending grass,  
Expressive of the bliss it shares,  
With each evolving leaf we pass,  
A reproductive lustre wears.

Who thus adorns the herb and tree,  
The flowery vale and fruitful sod,  
And fills the air with vocal glee,  
But One whom we adore as God!

The growing tide of vernal heat,  
Concurrent with unclouded light,  
Throws lavish stores around our feet  
That typify His endless might.

Still further mark the rain that falls  
At eve upon the vital sward,  
With softened eloquence that calls  
On Nature for a quick reward !

Decoyed at such propitious hour  
From deep recesses in the earth,  
The timid worm salutes the shower  
With promptings of instinctive mirth.

A mutual attraction holds  
Pellucid drops on leaf and spray ;  
And daisies wrap within their folds  
The treasure for a brighter day.

Unbroken harmony prevails

Far as the searching eye can reach ;  
And when the passing twilight fails,  
What lessons does the darkness teach !

Hushed as is now the feathered throng,  
Save here and there a casual note,  
The Nightingale in varied song  
Pours out the sweetness of his throat.

The Landrail with impatient stride  
Reviews his undisturbed domain,  
And at each step, with ardent pride,  
Indulges his congenial strain.

The foaming waters on their way  
In gentle murmurs greet the ear,  
And mingling with the distant bray,  
Enliven all the darkened sphere.

The Watch-dog, faithful to his trust,  
Bays with a hoarse sepulchral sound,  
That breathes upon its course a just  
Adherence to the neighbouring ground.

Aroused from happy slumber now,  
The gallinaceous tribes repeat  
With shrill delight the lover's vow,  
While nestling in their close retreat.

And be the scene however lone,  
The village bell or city chime,  
With solemn and impressive tone,  
Plays to the steady march of time.

To patient and laborious thought  
Earth dedicates whate'er she hath;  
And he who is of Nature taught  
Must frequent her inviting path.

## TO A NIGHTINGALE.

FAIR minstrel of the night !  
From what ambrosial seat  
Of rapturous delight  
Dost thou arrive to greet,  
With unsurpassing melody this chaste retreat ?

The music of thy song,  
In symphony sublime,  
The listening groves prolong,—  
Until the vocal chime  
Imparts to all the bliss of some celestial clime.

Had Philomela poured  
On Tereus such a strain,  
His soul would have deplored  
Its own voluptuous reign,  
And virgin innocence have spared the barbarous stain.

Fitly thy plaintive wail  
Records her piteous fate,  
As in the twilight pale  
Thou singest to thy mate,  
In soft mellifluous voice whose accents never sate.

But what impassioned trill  
Is that which now pervades  
The landscape with a thrill  
Of joyousness, that fades  
Like sweetest reminiscences in silent shades !

In solemn awe the air  
Dwells softly near the spot  
Where, haply unaware,  
Thy warbling faileth not  
Its presence to inspire, though soon to be forgot.

Thy Love upon her nest,  
Lulled by the fond salute,  
Dreams of the peaceful rest  
Awaiting thee when mute,  
And hails thy near approach as early day-beams shoot.

Whatever songsters dwell  
In hearing of thy lay,  
Enchanted with its spell,  
Long for the opening day,  
When fired with kindred zeal they may the feast repay.

How varied is thy note !  
Or why the piercing call,  
That oft would seem to float  
In images that fall,  
As showers of mercy do upon the breast of all.



The pleasing serenade,  
On each auspicious eve,  
Decoys the beauteous maid  
In sprightly mood to leave  
Her home, and to thy favourite haunt with pride to cleave.

Amphion with his lyre  
But animated stones ;  
Ascending yet much higher,  
Thy unexampled tones  
Control the heart whose will no other magic owns.

The Deities of Night,  
Enamoured of thy song,  
Give speedy birth to Light,  
And Day would woo thee long  
To join her chorus with thy strains profuse and strong.

Poets in vain have sought  
Thy genius to explore  
In tuneful numbers, fraught  
With richly classic lore,  
And patient musings drawn from Nature's lavish store.

As from the deep recess  
Wells up the gushing stream,  
Thou, by intense excess  
Of ravishment, wouldst seem  
Anon to overflow with thy melodious theme.

But whence, again, the Spring  
That feeds thy vocal fount,  
Till woods rejoicing ring  
With its diffuse amount :  
Can human skill, or *inspiration*, best account ?

Imagination paints

In evanescent tint ;

And struggling reason faints

To stereotype the print :

None but its Author gives more than a feeble hint.

## SIGH NOT FOR THE MAIDEN.

SIGH not for the maiden with golden hair,  
Though sweet as the bridal morn;  
Her tresses will furnish a perilous snare,  
And when she discovers your heart to be there,  
She will treat you, alas! with scorn.

Her soul may be calm as the Western sky,  
When kissed by the sun's last ray;  
But the latent spark of her soft blue eye  
Will soon with the imminent lightning vie,  
If she gain not an absolute sway.

Her song may be sweet as the golden harps,  
When tuned by the heavenly choir ;  
But he who in jest at her music carps,  
Provokes her to substitute flats for sharps,  
And writhes in her pitiless ire.

There is yet such a spell in this golden hair,  
And the features it serves to adorn,  
That nothing on earth can be found so fair  
As the maiden who sings in her golden hair,  
“ There’s a charm in the early morn.”

## SONNET

## TO THE MOON.

THE sons of genius, and the unenvied few  
     Who worship at thy shrine till lost to sense,  
     Have gazed upon thy face, and borrowed thence  
 Some pleasing thought: may I not then pursue  
 The bold example, and to others' view  
     Depict thy softened glow, and fair pretence  
     To light the slippery paths of innocence,  
 When night shall veil the languid earth anew?  
 Ah! gentle guardian, couldst thou not endure  
     The invocations of the sons of song,  
     Without descending from the starry throng,  
 To woo Endymion with the fabled lure  
 Of heavenly greeting, that the maids less pure  
     Might justify their own by thy sad wrong?

## THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

SHALL I with trembling hand essay  
To treat the vast benignant plan  
Ordained by Heaven, through endless day,  
To bless His fallen creature Man!

The subject claims so large a share  
In every wise, regenerate heart,  
That gladly would I haste to bear  
In such a lofty theme a part.

The God of all, and Source of Light,  
Discovers to our watchful view,  
In all His works, the boundless might  
That fashions and sustains them too.

His care attests, with sweeter tongue  
Than angels in His praise employ,  
That mercy leads our feet along,  
Where peril would their steps decoy.

His blessings crowd on every sense,  
In answer to our utmost need,  
And revelation shows us whence  
The varied treasures all proceed.

His glory shines upon our path  
As sunbeams on the ocean play,—  
And love conceals His growing wrath,  
When from His just commands we stray.

His promises are always sure,  
As is His grace designed to give  
The rich, the titled, and the poor,  
A guide by which they all may live.

His Son awaits the ebbing breath  
Of those who on this grace rely,  
Contending that, although in death,  
They yet in Him shall never die.



## A PASSING THOUGHT.

ANOTHER dull and joyless day,  
Oppressed by man's debasing guilt,  
Now sheds its last reluctant ray  
On visions that it falsely built;  
And murmuring crowds are heard to sigh  
That time has flown so swiftly by!

And days like this, alas! make up  
The longest span of human life;  
They all extend the sweetened cup,  
But poison it with latent strife;  
And while we quaff the tempting draught,  
Death wings his unrelenting shaft!

RECOLLECTIONS INDUCED BY THE RECOVERY OF A STONE  
THAT FURNISHED A MUTUAL SOURCE OF PLEASURE TO ME  
AND MY SISTER DURING CHILDHOOD.

WHILE worldly cares were yet unknown,  
And bliss in every sport was found,  
My custom was to roll this stone  
Along the well remembered ground.

The childish friends that gathered near,  
To join their little mirth with mine,  
Are suffered in an earthly sphere  
Of pleasing duty still to shine.

Save one to whom my youthful heart  
With pure affection always glowed,  
And who in turn would oft impart  
The light that from her counsel flowed.

And she, alas ! no longer now  
An object of my rising care,  
Hath ceased, as in her life, to bow  
The willing knee in silent prayer.

Her spirit, freed from earth's embrace,  
Darts o'er the bright celestial plains,  
To swell the theme of saving grace  
In lovely and immortal strains.

Oh ! that I might in heaven renew  
That hallowed intercourse of mind,  
Which ripened as we hourly grew,  
Till she her precious life resigned.

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

*St. Luke, ch. ii. v. 29.*

IMPART to Thy followers, Lord, on the way  
To that home where the righteous in peace ever dwell,  
Such a bountiful faith that its quickening ray  
May shine as did that which on Simeon fell,—  
And, reflecting the image of Christ, may they see  
The salvation afforded to sinners by Thee.

In the spirit of holiness teach them to bear  
The corroding invasion of sickness and death,  
That when finally called at Thy bar to appear,  
This song may prevail upon every breath —  
Now lettest Thy servant in peacefulness, Lord,  
Surrender his life on the faith of Thy word.

Nor a light to enlighten the Gentiles alone  
Be the ransom conferred in the gift of thy Son ;  
Let His blood for all nations and people atone,  
And the glory of Israel mightily run,—  
Till the earth shall rejoice at the sound of His name,  
And all living nature His goodness proclaim.

## TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

THOUGH reason in me hath begun to assert  
A command over passion, my friends know how true is  
The fact that I love when I can to revert  
To the bliss of communing with you, my fair Jewess.

Nor less is my pleasure now kindred allure you  
Awhile from the classical scene of our joy,  
In language unfettered by art to assure you  
My friendship as yet is unstained with alloy.

Then will I collect from available sources  
Whatever can tend to illumine the shade  
That dwells upon life, and unhappily forces  
Its way to the heart of the loveliest maid.

The roses that bloomed with ineffable sweetness  
While yet you consented to bloom with them too,  
Have left on my bosom a tone of discreetness  
That yields but its homage to beauty and you.

The lily that boasts of the glories of Nature,  
And smiles upon woman with indolent pride,  
Is robing itself in perfection to wait your  
Return in the garb of a maiden or bride.

And truly insensate, alas ! is the creature  
Who gazes but once on your beautiful face,  
And learns not a lesson in every feature  
That teems with the richest effusion of grace.

As lately I walked in a moment of sadness,  
Where languish the cedars in pensive array,  
I thought of the many past seasons of gladness  
In which you had held a predominant sway.

And rising at once with the fond recollection,  
As man in the fulness of hope ever should,  
I bade an adieu to the painful reflection,  
And all the distempers of fancy withstood.

That instant a pansy implored me to linger,  
And cherish the gift it is said to impart,  
When taking the gem as you would on my finger,  
I placed it in ecstasy close to my heart.

And *there* it shall live in the gentle emotion  
Educ'd by the singular charms you possess,  
Till death shall occur to reward my devotion  
With rivers of pleasure that none can express.



# EXTEMPORANEOUS VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY OF MUCH LEARNING, AT THE  
INSTANCE OF ADMIRING FRIENDS.

THESE pretty maidens round me wait,  
And charge me if I can to find  
Sufficient skill, in verse, to state  
The worth and compass of thy mind.

But man, without the special aid  
Of some divine, ennobling power,  
Might madly think as well to wade  
The sea, or lift the cumbrous tower !

Thy talents and thy liquid tongue  
Can only admiration raise ;  
And angels must be lured, in song  
Exactly to record thy praise.

TO \* \* \* \* \*

WOULD that I were changed into a  
Subtle agent of the wind ;  
Then unfettered might I woo a  
Maid of thy exalted mind.

Round thy fair poetic vision  
Would I oft serenely dwell ;  
And, to justify my mission,  
Some delightful story tell.

Undiscovered would I cling to  
That ethereal form of thine ;  
And in soothing accents sing to  
Thee with fervour most divine.

Every wish thou shouldst discover,  
Even in a transient sigh,  
Would I, in the warmth of lover,  
With indulgent haste supply.

Wheresoever thou shouldst wander  
Would I joyfully attend;  
And from hour to hour a fonder  
Evidence of welcome lend.

Should thy light approving finger  
Rest upon a tender spray,  
In its blossom would I linger,  
And about thy bosom play.

When no adventitious pleasure  
Should attract thy passing gaze,  
Would I bless thee without measure  
In a novel theme of praise.

Should a less deserving rival,  
In her bitterness, complain  
That thou wast an earthly idol,  
Greater yet should be thy gain.

Ever and anon alighting  
On thy chaste unsullied cheek,  
Pure affection would I plight in  
Language that none else could speak.

Trusting that I might elicit  
Deeper sentiment thereby,  
Fondly would I soothe and kiss it  
In my playful ecstasy.

Why, however, in my anguish,  
Need I thus to thee aspire,  
When upon thy knee I languish  
Often in a form still higher.

She whom thou art pleased to foster  
More than with a mother's care,  
And instruct as though thou wast her  
Surety from the hidden snare—

By propinquity inherits  
Passions that belong to me,  
Which, with their intrinsic merits,  
Doubtless she imparts to thee.

Haply, in that darling creature,  
Thou canst clearly recognise  
A resemblance to some feature  
Which, in me, hath fed thine eyes.

Fail not then, I beg, to cherish  
This conviction in thy breast,  
And, may all within me perish,  
Should I not enact the rest.

TO A LADY,

ON SEEING HER PRESENTED WITH A ROSE.

AH! deem not as thy languid eye  
 And blushing cheek too well attest,  
 That he who gave thee with a sigh  
 The rose which now adorns thy breast,  
 Will heed how undeserved a smart  
 It leave upon thy guileless heart.

No fitter pledge of man's esteem,  
 That scarce survives the transient hour,  
 Could fancy's sweet impassioned dream  
 Suggest than this imposing flower,  
 Which smiling wafts the fragrant air  
 Alike on every passing fair.

With duly chastened soul partake  
Thou freely of surrounding sweets,—  
But ne'er again for beauty's sake  
Receive them at his hand who treats  
Thy sex with undissembled scorn,  
By planting in thy breast a thorn.

## TO \* \* \* \* \*

WHENSOEVER I encounter thine eloquent eyes,  
 They reveal an expression so heartily cheering,  
 I feel that not even those orbs of the skies  
 To the spirits of light can be half so endearing.

If in anguish of heart I begin to despair  
 Of escaping the gloom of perpetual night,  
 To those fountains of hope I directly repair,  
 And the moral horizon is instantly bright.

But, alas! should the soul that engenders such rays  
 Ever seek to extinguish my own in its ire,  
 One electrical glance would enkindle a blaze  
 Under which I should soon in my torture expire.

Be my destiny then throughout life what it may,  
 Thine approval alone will I labour to merit,  
 For the frown of all others thy smile can repay,  
 And without it I care not the world to inherit.



## WHEN SOFTLY FALL THE EVENING SHADES.

WHEN softly fall the evening shades  
Where pleasure dwells in lone retreat,  
And love so far the soul pervades,  
That night but makes it doubly sweet—  
'Tis happiness divinely fair  
To sit enshrined with beauty's prize,  
And waft the richly fragrant air  
In mutual interchange of sighs.

Be mine this envied bliss to know,  
Where, helpless as the youthful vine,  
The sweetest flowers of woodbine grow,  
And kiss the arms they fondly twine—  
To feel that, while affection clings  
Too close for human skill to sever,  
The recompense it hourly brings  
Is such as to endure for ever.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL  
SOCIETY OF ENGLAND, HELD AT DERBY, JULY 12. 1843.

"Among the other salutary regulations which the Judges were required to observe, was one to the effect—that as the object of the Society in giving prizes for neat cattle, sheep, and pigs, was to promote improvement in breeding stock, in making their award the Judges were not to take into their consideration the present value to the butcher of animals exhibited, but to decide according to their relative merits for breeding."—*Morning Chronicle*, July 13, 1843.

TO \* \* \* \* \*

WILL you pardon me, Sir, if, in this my endeavour

To profit through life, I recline on the road,

With a modest demand on a party who never

In science have yet many lessons bestowed?

This party, comprising the wealthiest lords

That dwell on the face of the earth we inhabit,

And who ever delight in the breed that affords

A reward, from the bull to the little wild rabbit—

Maintain that, as muscular fibre exceeds

Other animal products *in weight* we can mention,  
It follows of course that the heavy-fleshed breeds  
Should always engage undivided attention.

An equally laudable motive they find

For determining thus a preeminent question,  
In the fact that the physical good of mankind  
Is advanced in the way of a healthful digestion.

And counselling Nature with Art to provide

Them with models of beauty to aid the design,  
They have cautiously followed their practical guide  
Through a long and directly continuous line.

The magnificent boon how deservedly granted

The late exhibition abundantly proves !  
Except that in one single instance it wanted  
That feature which even the meanest improves.

For admitting as settled what few will deny,  
 That the best is the stock of a muscular class,  
 Why refers not the rule to the brutes of the sty,  
 As well as to those which subsist upon grass?

In the course of my ramble along the division  
 Apportioned to pigs, irrespective of size,  
 I marvelled to find that the Judges' decision  
 Had awarded *three black ones* a liberal prize.

So totally void were the subjects of hair,  
 Or bristle, and being moreover as big as  
 Some others that often lie equally bare,  
 I thought that at first they were *little fat niggers*.

But not to dilate in the manner of spleen  
 On the softness they yielded throughout to the touch,  
 A critic would say they had not enough lean,  
 And would instantly therefore denounce them as such.

The favour I then, in conclusion, would ask  
 Of the party to whom I am taught to defer,  
 Is their gracious reply to the following task,  
 That in trouble to it I may ever refer :

What reason have they for adopting, *in beef*  
*The flesh before fat*, as if haply mistaken,  
 While attaching importance, as clearly the chief  
 Of them do, to the motto of *all fat in bacon* ?

## THE FATE OF A TRUANT PIG.

WRITTEN FOR ONE OF MY CHILDREN.

SAID a little pig, born of a quarrelsome sow,  
 To another pig, " Brother, pray do you know how  
     We can all get away from the sty ?"  
 " By a simple contrivance " he answered, and when  
 He had finished his speech, he jumped out of the pen,  
     And exhorted the others to try.

But the shrewd little querist now wanted to learn  
 If his brother without could as quickly discern  
     By what means he could safely get in ?  
 " By a similar frolic " he told him, but fell  
 In his effort, and raised such a terrible yell,  
     That the neighbourhood rang with his din.

His extremity presently called for relief  
At the hands of a servant who pitied his grief,  
And restored him to comfort and home ;  
But again and again did he wilfully play  
This adventurous trick, till his owner would say  
He might uninterruptedly roam.

An acquisitive youth, who had happened to see  
The pig frisking about unmolested and free,  
Was encouraged to give him the chase,  
With a promise that when he should capture the prize,  
He might carry him home if he could, and devise  
A provision for such a bad case.

After running, and snatching, and missing his mark,  
And attempting afresh till it grew pretty dark,  
He accomplished the wonderful feat  
Of arresting the fugitive pig, and in spite  
Of his kicking and squealing, he put him that night  
In a seemingly fitting retreat.

But, alack ! in the morning the truant was out  
Of his little inclosure, and boring his snout,

In a somewhat indefinite way,  
For the treasures of earth, and defying the skill  
Of his juvenile owner to govern him still,  
His disasters were many that day.

For a petulant terrier joined the pursuit,  
And so shockingly mangled the poor little brute,

That when quietly laid in his bed,  
He refused to partake of a morsel of food,  
And remaining awhile in this pitiful mood,  
He was found in the evening—dead.



## SONETTO XLVIII, DEL PETRARCA.

PADRE del Ciel, dopo i perduti giorni,  
Dopo le notti vaneggiando spese  
Con quel fero desio ch' al cor s' accese  
Mirando gli atti per mio mal sì adorni ;

Piacciati omai, col tuo lume, ch' io torni  
Ad altra vita, ed a più belle imprese,  
Sì ch' avendo le reti indarno tese,  
Il mio duro avversario se ne scorni.

Or volge, Signor mio, l' undecim' anno  
Ch' i' fui sommerso al dispietato giogo  
Che sopra i più soggetti è più feroce.

Miserere del mio non degno affanno ;  
Riduci i pensier vaghi a miglior luogo ;  
Rammenta lor com' oggi fosti in Croce.

## TRANSLATION

OF THE PRECEDING SONNET.

FATHER of Heaven ! since many a fruitless day  
And night have been consumed in anxious thought  
Concerning her, whose love my soul hath sought,  
With anguish heightened by her worth, to sway,—  
Be pleased to grant Thy timely aid I pray,  
That I may hence to righteousness be brought.  
My senseless passion having thus been taught  
Conformity to Thee, my future way  
No longer shall sustain the cruel yoke  
That love inflicts on unresisting man.  
Pardon, oh Lord ! my sad unworthy course ;  
Bring back my wandering thoughts, nor let me cloak  
Them in Thy sight : this day Thy saving plan  
On Calvary proclaimed Thee mercy's Source.

## SONETTO CXXVI, DEL PETRARCA.

IN qual parte del ciel, in quale idea  
 Era l' esempio onde Natura tolse  
 Quel bel viso leggiadro, in ch' ella volse  
 Mostrar quaggiù, quanto lassù potea?

Qual ninfa in fonti, in selve mai qual Dea  
 Chiome d' oro sì fino all' aura sciolse?  
 Quand' un cor tante in sè virtù accolse?  
 Benchè la somma è di mia morte rea.

Per divina bellezza indarno mira  
 Chi gli occhi di costei giammai non vide,  
 Come soavemente ella gli gira.

Non sa com' Amor sana, e come ancide,  
 Chi non sa come dolce ella sospira,  
 E come dolce parla, e dolce ride.

## TRANSLATION

OF THE PRECEDING SONNET.

IN what bright mansion of the heavenly sphere  
     Was found a spirit of such form and grace,  
     That Nature should have been induced to trace  
 The sacred type in woman, and appear  
 For once on earth with heaven's benign compeer ?  
     What fountain nymph, what goddess of the race  
     Of sylvan beauties, could adorn her face  
 With golden tresses so intensely dear ?  
 When did so many virtues crowd the heart  
     As to consume its devotee with love ?  
 The stranger to her eyes knows but in part  
     What sweet celestial shades repose above ;  
 He knows not love's delight, nor feels its smart,  
     Whose breast her varied charms have yet to move.

## STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND.

ALLOW an unpretending bard,  
Who seldom dares to soar aloft,  
To marvel that a heart so hard  
As yours should have a head so soft.

Some grand design beyond a doubt,  
Does this reverse of things imply :  
Thus sympathies are all shut out,  
Or only entertained to die.

And reason too, that seeks to bind  
The fairest subject in its sway,  
Leaves undisturbed your gentle mind,  
To wander on as best it may.

And in this wicked world of ours,  
Where thought and feeling cost so much,  
You well may boast the torpid powers  
That neither hope nor fear can touch.

But though to reign with stoic pride  
Be worthy of your high degree,  
You torture many a soul beside,  
And more than all discomfort me.

For pleased to witness with what skill  
You prosecute a *single* course,  
And treat alike both good and ill,  
As issuing from one common source —

I more than others wish to blend  
My dearest interest with your own,  
And try whatever *art* can lend  
To move for once a *heart* of stone.

Indulge me in this pleasing hope,  
And undismayed by doubt or dread,  
My next design shall be to cope  
Expressly with your foolish head.

## A BURLESQUE ON POETIC EXTRAVAGANCE.

THE paly Moon with tremulous eye did shoot  
 Her slender rays athwart th' unbidden track,  
 Where lay the huge pale corse, whose sullen back  
     A promontory raised :  
     His vision was glazed  
 With inexpressive look that did a scowl from caverns  
     dire uproot.

A rumbling murmur choked th' articulate sounds  
 Of passengers : death quivering danced in his filmy  
     shroud,  
 And distant yells approached with imprecations loud :  
     A sire's frosted front  
     Had borne th' atrocious brunt  
 Of deep-scathed guilt reared in the heart where  
     treachery fell abounds.

The mother lay dreaming as young infants dream,  
When on her body dropt the ruthless strokes  
Of blood-stained limbs: her burning soul invokes  
Grim retribution's wave  
On the fierce son who gave  
The all-subduing blows which scared the flickering  
morn's dim gleam.



TO A CROW.

IN IMITATION OF SHELLEY.

HAIL to thee, grave wanderer!  
 There was never known  
 So profuse a squanderer  
 Of birds of joyous tone,  
 As thou, in thy drear haunts, majestic and alone.

Up thou often springest  
 High into the air,  
 And in silence clingest  
 To the wild despair  
 Which, on incoherent winds, pervades the deserts bare.

Like a spirit craving  
 Unforbidden joys,  
 And as erst enslaving  
 Passion till it cloy,  
 Thou, in deep sepulchral plume, awaitest death's envoys.

Like a virtue hiding  
In the smitten breast,  
And awhile abiding  
There at love's behest,  
Thou disclosest secret thoughts but to thy mate at rest.

Like a bold knight-errant  
Covetous of fame,  
Thou hast Nature's warrant  
To direct thy aim  
To the stricken corse that falls in glory as in shame.

Like a sulphurous cloud  
Charged with deadly bolts,  
Thou, with thunderings loud,  
Frightenest warlike colts,  
And, at thine approach, the hare with timid haste  
revolts.

Like a gloomy shadow  
Rising from beneath  
Some Druidic barrow,  
Where the spirits seethe  
In their hideousness, thou dost dire emanations breathe.

Scorning social glee  
In gregarious Rook,  
From time-honoured tree  
Thou wilt overlook,  
With stern indignant frown, all but thy mystic nook.

Solitude arrays thee  
In her sable shroud,  
And the Larks amaze thee  
When they pierce the cloud  
With their matin strains elate, continuous, and loud.

Through the cold dismantled  
Woods in biting frost,  
Where the proudly antlered  
Stag is often lost,  
Thou art, like the mariner, on airy summit tossed :

Looking with derision  
On the gelid plains,  
Where the baffled vision  
Of uncultured swains  
Shuns the mingled violence of drifting snow and rains.

Age nor dread induces  
Physical default ;  
High o'er the grim abuses  
Of multiplied assault  
Triumphantly thou ridest on through heaven's azure  
vault.

What are thy conceptions,  
Bird of nightly hue?  
With what just perceptions  
Dost thou sit and view  
Successive cycles pass as does the venerable Yew?

Hast thou ne'er beholden,  
In a well of thought,  
Startled shapes of olden  
Gleanings thou hast brought  
From some obscure retreat, where bloody deeds were  
wrought?

Hast thou never cherished  
Sympathy for those  
Who, in slaughter, perished  
At the hand of foes,—  
And thus on others hurled unutterable woes?

With instructive lesson  
Mightest thou supply  
All the wants that press on  
Birds that linger nigh,  
Less profoundly skilled in the prognostics of the sky.

Crowd on others' brain,  
Waiting such repast,  
Thy inaugural strain  
Lavishly and fast ;  
Nor deny the wondering groves the knowledge that  
thou hast.

Fill the air with speech,  
As does heaven with light,  
Till its fervour reach  
The very star-lit height  
Accessible, as yet, to nought but unrestricted sight !

## REFLECTIONS ON SHELLEY.

Ut, mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,  
 Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana,  
 Vesanus tetigisse timent fugiuntque Poëtam,  
 Qui sapiunt : agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.  
 HORACE. DE ART. POET.

WHAT a type of confusion, yet further confounded,  
 Is this enigmatical Percy Bysshe Shelley !  
 Whose *morbid conceptions*, however expounded,  
 Are worth nothing more than are those of the \*\*\*\*\*.

His Pegasus, poor little fanciful jockey,  
 He rides up and down at so daring a rate,  
 That oft in his flight he grows fearfully rocky,  
 And then with Bellerophon shares a like fate.

And who can lament his deserved prostration,  
 Since having once reached unto heaven's vast steep,  
 He wantonly held that the stars in creation  
 Rolled on to his view like a huge flock of sheep !

When goaded less on by inordinate phrensy,  
No better control has the bard of his steed;  
And yet will he court the defeat that attends the  
Unwary who mount one of high-mettled breed.

Great fountain and head of the wildest emotions  
That ever yet raged in the deep-stricken breast!  
The tempest that howls on the wide spreading ocean's  
Rude bosom is not more untimely at rest.

And the storm that once rends, with a shout of dread  
thunder,  
The bark we have chosen to glide o'er the main,  
Though it ravish the soul with unspeakable wonder,  
We never more wish to play round us again.

And the spirit that wakes by intemperate rapture  
A glow of extravagant warmth through the frame,  
Must leave a delight, *on reflection*, to capture  
The heart that burns not with a juvenile flame.



## AN IMPRECATION.

ON Earth's delusive toilsome way  
Have I the fair meridian past,  
And now I feel life's transient day  
Is ebbing fast.

The morning of existence teemed  
With promise of so bright a reign,  
That pleasures in succession seemed  
To banish pain.

But love that prompts the warm desire  
It vainly struggles to conceal,  
Betrayed at length the quenchless fire  
I inly feel.

And she who vowed that no control  
Should e'er disturb her pure design,  
Save that of her own spotless soul,  
Since deaf to mine —

Hath yielded to the sterner will  
Of those who plead that from above,  
They gain divine permission still  
To rule in love.

And sweets that once profusely flowed  
From every accent of her tongue,  
And lent a charm that always glowed  
Throughout my song —

I taste no more : on others now  
Those sweets like heavenly manna fall,  
And leave me but the cheerless vow  
My thoughts recal.

Ye Fates ! if ever yet ye poured  
Avenging wrath beyond the power  
Of soul-subduing fire and sword,  
In fiercest hour —

Descend relentlessly on those  
Who, unprovoked by sinful thought,  
Have thus disturbed the calm repose  
That virtue brought.

Let every hair on either head  
Attract the lightning's vivid flame,  
And fright them from their anxious bed,  
O'erwhelmed with shame.

Dispose the sun's concentric rays  
To scorch the retina so far,  
That darkness through their future days  
Shall lend no star.

When wandering blindly to and fro,  
Unpitied both by man and brute,  
Let ridicule its poison throw,  
And find them mute.

If haplessly they touch one blade  
Of grass which Nature kindly rears,  
Let it in turn their souls upbraid,  
And mock their fears.

Let every thorn by which they pass,  
Abhorrent of the wrong they do,  
Avenge that injured blade of grass,  
And goad them too.

Incite the stones that crowd their path  
To rise in judgment whilst they may,  
And pour on them increasing wrath  
From day to day.

Embittered thus their lives extend,  
In justice to their flagrant sins,  
And only let such torture end  
Where hell begins !

## A REMINISCENCE.

My love and I together grew  
The fonder with increasing years,  
And gloried that we never knew  
The time of parting but in tears :  
The bond of sympathy we shared  
So well in every danger stood,  
That often in our hearts we dared  
The proud to rend it if they could.

But in awhile my love announced  
A warning from the common foe,  
And soon attendant lips pronounced  
Her cheek to wear a hectic glow :  
The remnant of her stainless life  
Served only to augment my fears,  
And doom me in a world of strife  
To floods of agonizing tears.

## A PLAYFUL ADDRESS

TO A FRIEND ON A VISIT IN THE COUNTRY.

If pure unerring Wisdom trace,  
Amid this varied scene of ours,  
Some sweet resemblance to the grace  
Of woman in the choicest flowers,  
The pleasing task of seeking which  
Of these productions that enrich  
The clime with odour, form and hue,  
Most nearly, then, approaches you,  
Is one that might engage the pen  
Of angels in their blest abode,  
Or lift to heaven the thoughts of men  
In quest of the celestial road,  
Did not thy quick, translucent eye,  
That permeates both earth and sky,

Though all surveying, far and near,  
Dwell chiefly in this humbler sphere,  
And shed its love-inspiring rays  
    On every face and every form,  
Like Luna when she fondly plays  
    On glowing hearts to keep them warm.  
This genial attribute of thine  
    Too plainly to mankind declares  
That, though the gift of Love Divine,  
    It little of the heavenly shares,  
And leaves thy eulogy to be  
Inscribed on earth by none but me.  
Fain would I search the cultured ground,  
    And on the blissful theme repose,  
If in such lovely spot were found  
    The fragrant heliotrope or rose,  
Expressive of thy chaste desire  
To share with *one* the seeming fire  
That now thy panting bosom fills,  
And lavishly o'er *all* distils.

But roses from my touch recoil,  
    As emblems of thy fitful heart,  
And products of whatever soil  
    Is blest by Nature and by art,  
A common language breathe of thee,  
That points to thy inconstancy.  
The desert waste, the region wild,  
    And every well accustomed way,  
Familiar to the peasant child,  
    And wantons of a short-lived day,  
Present a mingled feast of flowers,  
    Congenial to thy fervid want,  
Where passion may recline through hours  
    Of freedom from unwelcome taunt,  
That bid thee haste with promptings ripe,  
And read in them thine only type.  
But what are flowers that wildly grow  
    Where every footstep dares to tread ?  
Can they a fitting wreath bestow  
    To deck thy thrice-beloved head ?



Or wilt thou suffer aught profane  
And rustic in his grasp to tear  
A primrose from the copse or lane,  
And place it in thy flaxen hair ?  
Let Nature's sons enjoy the fruit  
Awarded them by Nature's hand,  
And prosecute their tender suit  
With daughters of the neighbouring land :  
The Fountain of inherent worth,  
For purposes supremely great,  
Hath sent thee, in His wisdom, forth  
On cultivated minds to wait,  
And lead them with unquenched desire  
In letters and in arts yet higher.  
Or why wast thou in childhood's days  
The theme of universal praise ?  
And why, as time exulting flew,  
Didst thou an equal zeal renew ?  
Till European masters vied  
To greet their pupil as their guide ;

And sagely-boasted latin lore,  
Translated by thee o'er and o'er,  
Could yield fresh beauties now no more !  
With these possessions, be thy mind,  
As heretofore, intently staid  
On subjects classic and refined,  
Thou lovely and illustrious maid,  
And be what thou wast deemed at birth,  
Without a parallel on earth !

## OH! COULD I COMMAND.

OH! could I command but the wings of a dove,  
With the wish to possess thee as now,  
My heart should no longer consume in its love,  
Nor my lips the fond truth disavow,—  
But direct as the bird when its home is in view,  
Would I follow the course that my heart should pursue.

Yet alone am I destined to pine in the gloom  
That prevaieth where'er thou art not,  
Till an angel of light shall restore thee to bloom  
In the brightness of hope on the spot,  
Where oft I have glowed in the warmth of thine eyes,  
And reflected the glance in congenial sighs.

THE BLUE-BELL.

LET art within the gay parterre  
     Extend a timely fostering hand,  
 And cherish with her wonted care  
     The pride of every distant land.

While laughing blue-bells on the height  
     Of unproductive heath display  
 Their freshness to the clouded night,  
     And brave the Summer's scorching day.

Though shaken by the playful breeze  
     That tempers the meridian blaze,  
 The merry groups depend at ease,  
     And court the mirth that round them plays.

Rejoicing in their boasted hue,  
The fair assemblage always nod  
A welcome to the childish crew  
That greet them on their native sod.

And when the little spoilers tire  
Of feasting on the wild repast,  
Their gathered treasures all expire  
In sighing for the glories past.

## LINES

WRITTEN FOR ONE OF MY TWIN DAUGHTERS.

DEAR Mr. William, I assure

    You when I heard that you were ill,

And that you needed for your cure

    A very nauseous draught and pill,

I cried and said to little Sam,

    Who wondered why I looked so sad,

“You cannot tell how grieved I am

    To hear my lover is so bad.”

But, Mr. William, never mind,

    The doctor will restore you soon,

And I will peep beneath the blind,

    To see you pass my house at noon :

And if you think a playful smile

    Will help to heal the grievance past,

I will bestow it all the while

    Your presence to my view shall last.

And when the toys of our "Goose fair"

In plenty crown the cheerful stalls,

Most likely I shall take you there,

And treat you with some cups and balls,

Or gingerbread, *for I like that,*

And loiter with you round the "shows,"

To talk about I know not what,

As ladies do with their young beaux.

Till then, although your person may

But rarely greet my infant sight,

I can for all your kindness say

Your warmest friend is Daphne Wright.

## SELF-COMMUNION.

WHY I should sink into this mood  
Of fretfulness, would seem a question  
Not easy to be understood,  
Unless it tell of indigestion.

The very babe I love beyond  
All others that the world has in it,  
Complacently invites a fond  
Acknowledgement, and fails to win it.

My little boys are all at work  
Like bees upon a flowery border,  
While I, as savage as a Turk,  
Decry them for alleged disorder.

Their mother indicates in look  
And gesture that my own affright her;  
And if I introduce a book,  
'Tis only to assail the writer.



Confounded and ashamed am I  
To learn that a nutritious dinner,  
For which so many vainly sigh,  
Should make me such a frightful sinner.

Of luxuries I have but few,  
And yet, alas ! they seem too many ;  
In righteousness, oh Lord ! renew  
My heart, or hence bestow not any.

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## SOLACE IMPORTUNED.

WELL, thou art pretty, good, and witty,  
Faithful too as thou art fair,  
And no maid in crowded city  
Can with thee in worth compare :  
Nay, thou art handsome, and I want some  
Kisses on thy healthful cheek,  
For no other maid can ransom  
Me in this accursed freak.

## AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

OH God of love, and truth, and grace !

Whom angels adoration pay,  
Dispose my heart to seek Thy face,  
And glory in this gospel day.

Thy love hath o'er my past career  
With undiminished fervour shone ;  
And each revolving month and year  
Have seemed to claim me for Thine own.

Thy truth, that reigns through earth and skies,  
And glows on every sacred page,  
Hath filled with joy my wondering eyes  
From earlier to maturer age.

Thy grace, as yet to none denied,  
When sought in faith and humble prayer,  
Hath oft my heart with peace supplied,  
When burthened with afflicting care.

But ah! Thy love, Thy truth, and grace,  
I fain would more distinctly see;  
The clouds of sin and darkness chase,  
And perfect all Thy gifts in me.

## LIGHT.

THOU first bright effluence of *Eternal Light*,  
And glory of the earth ! on silent wing  
Thou waitest to reveal to mortal sight  
The oracles of heaven,—and aptly bring  
The mind to contemplate the wondrous Might,  
That did each sensate and insensate thing  
Create and fashion from chaotic night,  
And on the scene diffusive blessings fling.  
Thou faithful monitor ! would man confide  
In thy soft counsel as the gentle flowers,  
And rising to salute thee as his guide,  
Toil only in the smile of gilded hours,  
A sweet reward would crown the live-long day,  
And blissful visions o'er his slumber play.

## TO THE CUCKOO.

BIRD of the sweetest vernal lay  
That greets the light expectant ear,  
Why not prolong thy mystic sway  
Through all the glad inviting year,  
And make our rich productive clime  
The happiest in recorded time!

When earth, in glossy verdure dressed,  
Salutes the glowing tranquil sky,  
And decks as well her fervid breast  
With blossoms of transcendent dye,  
Thy unpretending vocal strain  
Enchants the fair mellifluous plain.

---

The jocund lambs awakened stand  
Amazed to hear the pleasing sound,  
And capering each, the fleecy band  
Across the daisied surface bound ;  
While bleating dams in chorus swell  
The music of the woods and dell.

The lowing herd take up the theme  
Of gayety that fills the mead,  
And coveting the placid stream,  
In rampant mood away they speed,  
To ruminate on sweets that float  
In visions to thy charming note.

Enraptured with the lively scene,  
The lowly rustic daily tends  
The grazing flocks with happier mien,  
While unto heaven his praise ascends,  
For yet increasing rich supplies  
That crowd before his wondering eyes.

The fervent youth released from care,  
Now ravages the bounteous fields,  
Unmindful of the wild despair  
To which the injured songster yields,  
When all its hope, and all its toil,  
Serve only to augment his spoil.

Ah ! would that thy diffusive song  
Might reach the unrelenting heart  
Of those who, thus offending, long  
To share the joy thou canst impart :  
So timely and so chaste a call  
Should bring unmeasured peace to all.

When *feeling* lends a gracious ear  
To musings that thou wouldst inspire,  
It is not oft the rising tear  
Of pity fills the breast with ire,  
To show that man, except in name,  
Is but a type of guilt and shame.

But hearken ye who court the truth  
Of language that the soul reveals;  
While sordid desecrating youth  
The nestling of the blackbird steals,  
The Muse, in stern indignant verse,  
Shall yet the wanton crime rehearse.

And sing, thou cheering Cuckoo, sing,  
If melody possess the charm  
Of blending with the mantled spring,  
The virtue of its soothing balm ;  
And rival tongues shall all rejoice  
To hail thy soft approving voice.



## STANZAS.

WHEN, in the calm of Summer's eve,  
So pleasing to the wearied mind,  
I've seized upon the short reprieve  
Suspended care has left behind,  
To hail the bland refreshing air  
Along the neighbouring landscape driven,  
And taste commingled odours rare,  
Made sweeter by the dews of heaven,  
Unconsciously I've reached the glade,  
Where not a sound has met my ear,  
Or look of soul-inspiring maid  
My eye, to intercept the tear  
Impending when, at such an hour,  
Has transiently appeared in sight,  
Some lovely form I've known to lower  
In everlasting dreamless night.

The Moon, perhaps, as yet concealed  
By richly intervening shade,  
Has now her modest charms revealed,  
And o'er my path in brightness played.  
This heart attuned to lighter throb,  
In honour of the gracious call,  
Has quickly checked each rising sob,  
And dared another tear to fall.  
But Summer's eve and shining Moon  
Refuse to linger on their way,  
While clouded skies too oft at noon  
Convert to lonely night my day.  
Then is it that I court the smile  
Which never yet was shed in vain,  
And feel my anguish all the while  
Sustaining less its weight of pain.  
Then is it, hear me ye who doubt  
The sacred charm of woman's love,  
That all is dreariness without  
The light she brings me from above.

## THE DREAM.

In the darkness of night, when around me pervaded  
A stillness conducive to tranquil repose,  
A vision of feminine beauties invaded  
My slumber with thoughtfulness as it arose.

Unlike the degenerate daughters of pleasure,  
Whom fancy adorns with superfluous wreaths,  
They were richly endowed with that heavenly treasure  
Which love in its sweetest simplicity breathes.

Not a countenance beamed but with kindly emotion,  
To learn that each other was equally blest ;  
Not an incident rose to disturb the devotion  
That seemed on this lovely assemblage to rest.

Elated with joy at the fancied possession  
Of all that extravagant hope could desire,  
I gazed on the scene till its fervid impression  
Transported my soul with celestial fire.

And now as in ether I swiftly ascended,  
To revel in plains of unspeakable height,  
The multiplied sphere of my vision extended  
Through boundless creations of heavenly light.

Encircled with glory all fadeless and streaming  
Direct from the bountiful face of their Lord,  
Stood the "saints everlasting" and prophets redeeming  
The perils of time in eternal reward.

Amidst other objects of dazzling splendour,  
On which the glad smile of the Lamb ever shone,  
Were those I had lost, and Jehovah in tender  
Compassion had graciously claimed as his own.

All hail ! was the cry, as with rapturous feeling  
I tasted the fruits of a newness of birth, —  
When, alas ! my weak thoughts, retrospectively stealing,  
Translated me instantly back to this earth !

## STANZAS

WRITTEN FOR A SINGING CLASS, IN THE PLACE OF "TWINKLE,  
TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR," AS SET TO MUSIC BY HULLAH.

TELL us, oh ! thou little Star,  
Since immeasurably far,  
Why, when earth is plunged in night,  
Thou art seen to reign in light ?

Dost thou minister on high  
Only to the vacant sky,  
Or, as moralists divine,  
For our admonition shine ?

If for us, when we survey  
Thee on heaven's appointed way,  
Smiling in return, impart  
Lessons to the youthful heart.

Nearer objects that we seek  
Daily to our reason speak ;  
Tell us then, thou little Star,  
What thy shining virtues are !

WRITTEN FOR ONE OF MY TWIN DAUGHTERS.

TO \* \* \* \* \*.

SIR,

When we were at play this afternoon,

Deci \* said " Daphne, I believe

Our very good friend will fancy soon,

We heed but little how much we grieve

His mind by breaking the toys he gave us;

For never till now did you or I

Remember to thank him for all his favours."

I told her, in answer, that I would try

To say, with the aid of my father's pen,

How pleased we were with the handsome toys

You lately bought us, and surely then

No care would occur to disturb her joys.

" But do not forget," she replied, " to add

That when little Horace ran up with a stick

To beat my donkey, it looked so sad,

I thought that it really was going to kick."

\* A colloquial abbreviation of Decima.

" Oh! yes," in a hearty good laugh, said Joe,  
 While leading the donkey along with a thread,  
 "*I would tell that*, when you very well know  
 That all it can do is to shake its head."  
 Now and then I am greatly disposed to think  
 My own little ass much better than hers,  
 For it bows its head as if going to drink,  
 While Deci's, they all say, hardly stirs.  
 But what shall you say of the curious mess  
 I made for Deci to teaze me about,  
 When I washed my doll's gay holiday dress,  
 Till all the colour came fairly out!  
 I want to wash its dear face as well,  
 But fear to begin lest *that* should spoil,  
 Though many say now that none could tell  
 Its colour from that of the garden soil.  
 You cannot conceive what a splendid feast  
 We made of the gingerbread day after day;  
 For Delphia and Sally, and even the least  
 Of the family circle would mingle in play.

We loaded the donkeys till one wouldn't go,

When Horace came up, like a man, with his whip,

And levelled at once such a terrible blow,

That Deci cried out he had broken its hip.

To soften his anger we gave him a cake,

But having consumed it, he clamoured for more,

And threatened us both till we thought he would take,

In a passion, the whole of our gingerbread store !

I have not yet told you how fine we look,

When wearing the veils you presented to each,

*So fine* that, at school, as I read my book,

I often conceive a desire to teach !

Addressing you now as the friend of both,

I beg to conclude my playful letter,

With one good promise, if *this* you loathe,

To write you another, and *very much better* !

I am, &c.,

DAPHNE WRIGHT.

Oct. 13th, 1849.



## A PRESCRIPTION FOR A CONSUMPTIVE.

MY dear Miss Leveson, your cough  
 Appears so terribly distressing,—  
 Fish-oil you take not half enough,  
 Nor use aright the local dressing.

Do take a larger dose of one,  
 Nor disregard the rubefacient ;  
 That thus I may rely upon  
 The full concurrence of my patient.

*Eat*, though in a repining mood,  
 Nor cultivate a taste capricious,  
 But banquet on the simplest food  
 As if it were the most delicious.

As early as you can retire  
 To rest, at this inclement season,  
 And let it be your sole desire  
 To grow alike in strength and reason.

## THE SWIFT.

LEAVING the birds of humble flight,  
Beyond their circuit would I lift  
My curious gaze, to mark the height  
Ascended by the wondrous Swift.

See him endowed with nervous power,  
And corresponding length of wing,  
To sail above the loftiest tower,  
And mockery on its grandeur fling

Now darting on with matchless speed,  
In search of his aerial prey,  
Then wheeling, as his course shall need,  
He chases through the longest day.

The fervid morn and sultry eve  
His wildest notes of mirth inspire,  
When congregating parties cleave  
The air as with electric fire.

A thousand miles in glad career  
His daily sportiveness includes ;  
Then hiding in the twilight drear,  
His form the watchful sight eludes.

Guided alone by Nature's hand,  
He waits his own appointed time,  
And having charmed this smiling land,  
Shoots onward to a lovelier clime.

## STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE EVENING OF THE DAY APPOINTED FOR  
FASTING AND PUBLIC WORSHIP, DURING THE PREVALENCE  
OF CHOLERA. SEPT. 25. 1849.

WHILE thousands of Thy followers crowd  
The temples where Thy name is heard,  
And all with exultation loud  
Are praising Thee in heart and word,  
Let me, O Lord ! alike sincere,  
Invoke Thy aid, and feel Thee near.

Though now in dire disease and death  
Thy judgments in the earth are seen,  
Thou hast prolonged my vital breath,  
And Thou my sure defence hast been :  
How can I, Lord, proclaim aright  
Thy love, Thy mercy, and Thy might !

Through every future stage of life  
Do Thou my wayward steps attend ;  
Nor leave me when in dangers rife,  
But be my constant God and friend ;  
Thus walking onward at Thy feet,  
My way shall be divinely sweet !

## THE VANITY OF EARTHLY LOVE.

AH ! what avails the fervent boast  
 We make of love's celestial birth,  
 If that which rules the heavenly host  
 Descend not to the sons of earth !

O'er all the vast Elysian fields  
 It reigns with uncorrupted sway,  
 And in its fair dominion yields  
 The glories of an endless day.

But living man beholds in vain  
 The fleeting beauties as they rise,  
 If here he fondly seek to gain  
 The glowing transport of the skies.

For when his fancy paints the bliss  
Still opening to his ravished view,  
A more inviting scene than this  
Shall yet his vacant wants renew.

Alternate springs of hope and fear  
Will rise to feed or quench the flame,  
And all his glittering proud career  
Will earn him but a transient fame.

Indulgence will provoke the smart  
Inflicted on his anxious breast,  
And leave at length his wounded heart  
To sink unheeded and unblest.

A glimpse of pure, unsullied love  
Is all that can await us here ;  
The fountain is reserved above,  
To light us to that heavenly sphere !

## THE STORY WITHOUT AN END.

[These Stanzas were written in a design to render into English verse, from the German prose of Carové, "Das Märchen ohne Ende." But after completing the first chapter\*, a doubt occurred to me whether the story would receive any additional interest from the fascination of rhyme; and being yet undecided on the question, I have hesitated to pursue the task.]

FICTION asserts that once a Child

Inhabited a lonely spot,

On which some parent hand had piled

The fabric of a humble Cot.

Nothing beside a little bed

And looking-glass such home contained;

But having "where to lay his head,"

This Child the looking-glass disdained.

Soon as the early sunbeam kissed

Him, and the Finch and Linnet sang,

He rose to hail the ambient mist

Through which the welcome greetings rang.

\* For the original text, the reader is referred to the Notes.



He sought the Primrose for its flour—  
Sugar he gained by equal spell  
Of Violets, and, in blissful hour,  
Butter of Buttercups as well.

Into the Harebell would he shake  
From Cowslips honied drops of dew;  
Then off a leaf of Lime partake  
The dainties that around him grew.

A Humming Bee, and oftener still  
A Butterfly, became his guest;  
But following his unbiassed will,  
The Dragonfly he loved the best.

The Bee would in a murmuring tone  
Tell of the treasures he had heaped;  
But were they, thought the Child, *his own*,  
He yet should little bliss have reaped.

*He* thought the joy of roaming o'er  
The scene where lighted incense dwells,  
Far more inviting than to store  
The golden honey in silver cells.

To this the Butterfly agreed,  
Observing that he once had held  
It best on sordid earth to feed,  
Though heaven the while he ne'er beheld.

But afterwards a change occurred  
Unto him, and he quickly rose  
To higher glee than when he stirred  
Not where the Zephyr mildly blows.

His happiness was now to play  
Within a sea of heavenly light,  
And from his blue-eyed wings convey  
Fresh lustre to the longing sight:

Or listen to the native, soft,  
Ethereal converse of the flowers,  
And having heard it, soar aloft  
To tell it unto distant bowers.

With such alluring talk beguiled,  
The meal grew sweeter, and the Sun  
From jocund Earth, and listening Child,  
Increasing admiration won.

But when the Humming Bee had flown,  
With unabated zeal, to tax  
The pretty blossoms that had grown  
Both honey and a store of wax :

And gliding off, the Butterfly  
Had also been observed to pass  
The giddy round, the Dragonfly  
Stood poised upon a blade of grass.

Her highly burnished, slender form,  
Of deeper blue than was the sky,  
Alike prepared for sun and storm,  
Shone in the Child's approving eye.

Secure beneath her beauteous wings,  
She sported with the smiling flowers,  
As innocent and helpless things  
That must endure the wind and showers.

Then sipping from the Harebell clear  
Dew-drops, as would the tiny birds,  
The Dragonfly approaching near,  
Whispered her pretty wingèd words.

The Child concluding his repast,  
With pleasing gracefulness reclined,  
When his sweet eye-lids closing fast,  
He listened with assenting mind.

Now did the Dragonfly dilate  
On varied pastimes that she could,  
When Sylvan gods were robed in state,  
Provide within the shady wood.

She told how oft at "*hide-and-seek*,"  
Beneath the leaves of beech and oak,  
She had been kissed upon the cheek  
By hundreds of her kindred folk !

How oft at "*hunt-the-hare*" along  
The surface of the silent waters,  
She had engaged, until the strong  
Had wearied all the fairest daughters !

Sometimes she had been pleased to see  
The liquid sunbeams, as they flew  
From moss to flower, and then to tree,  
While each of them more proudly grew.

At night, she said, the moonbeams fell  
    Around the wood, and all the plants  
Rejoiced to feel they brought a well  
    Of dew to quench their native wants.

And when the watchful Dawn arranged  
    Her rosy clouds to tell of Day,  
Some half-awakened flowers exchanged  
    A smile as of unconscious play.

But few, and only few, could raise  
    Their little heads, until some time  
Had been awarded them to praise  
    The Lord of every land and clime.

Thus did the Dragonfly proceed,  
    When fancying soon the Child asleep—  
She started with electric speed,  
    These pleasures all in turn to reap.

## REFLECTIONS

INDUCED BY THE CLOSE OF ANOTHER DAY.

HARK ! is it not the midnight hour  
I hear proclaimed from yonder tower,  
    With deep resounding tone ?  
The vacant ground's impassive tongue  
Warns me that with its recent throng  
    The transient day hath flown.

To me who now alone remain,  
Absorbed in one unbroken chain  
    Of retrospective gloom ;  
The voice of all-consuming Time,  
Announced in even tuneful chime,  
    Proceeds as from the tomb.

---

The Muse's solace let me find  
A balm to my distempered mind,  
    An antidote for care ;  
That while I thus my vigils keep,  
A stranger to refreshing sleep,  
    I may some comfort share.

And since Thy heavenly presence, Lord,  
By whomso'er Thou art adored,  
    Is felt serenely bright ;  
Descend as in a flame of love,  
And gently o'er my spirit move,  
    Throughout the darksome night.

The "living fountains" open wide,  
And lead me to the bleeding side  
    From which redemption flows ;  
And having all the past forgiven,  
Impart a consciousness of heaven  
    Before my eye-lids close.



## SONNET.

LOVE.

THAT pure benignant Spirit which reveals  
     Itself in endless blessings from above ;  
 Which covertly the broken-hearted heals,  
     And broods thereon serenely as the dove ;  
 Which, though insulted and rejected, steals  
     No less around us wheresoe'er we rove ;  
 Yet every wrong inflicted on it feels  
     Intensely, is the type of perfect Love.  
 So the fond parent watches o'er her child,  
     Instructs, reproofs, and bathes him with her tears ;  
 And when by sin's malignancy defiled,  
     Pursues him in her heart through future years ;  
 Lives in the light of hope, and to the care  
 Of heaven commends him in her daily prayer.

## A VILLAGE SCENE.

THE Sun is up, and Day enlists  
His radiance on the heavenly tour,  
To dissipate the lazy mists  
That hang upon the spacious moor,  
Where migratory snipes repair  
To feast beside the timorous hare.

The smoke that idly curled its way,  
When first the rustics hailed the morn,  
Flits lightly as the glimmering ray  
That heralded the previous dawn ;  
And crackling embers now bestow  
On every hearth a cheerful glow.

One after one, is seen to steal  
Around the doors, a playful band  
Of children, whose unfinished meal  
Is held to view with eager hand,—  
All wondering with impatient zest  
What pastime shall engage them best.

The foremost of the curious group,  
Ambitious in their sports to lead,  
Affects the jockey's wonted stoop,  
And feigns the nimble courser's speed :  
Then reads his fame, with fond surmise,  
Recorded in his comrades' eyes.

Another vaunting in his skill  
To carry off the fancied palm,  
Attempts to jump a neighbouring rill,—  
When shrinking from suppressed alarm,  
Amidst surrounding taunt and din,  
He faintly springs and plunges in.

A vigorous youth of riper years,  
Attracted by the general shout,  
Conjures them to throw off their fears,  
And jump the purling stream about ;  
And with a rash ungainly bound,  
He boastingly indents the ground.

Induced by this apparent feat  
To leap its borders to and fro,  
They each with wary step retreat,  
Then o'er its banks away they go,  
Inflated with heroic pride  
At having gained the farther side.

While thus in agile freaks engaged  
That augur of remote renown,  
A man whose gait betrays his aged  
Decrepit form comes slowly down,  
To tell them that such healthful sport  
Was once his own peculiar forte.

“ Ah ! ” says the venerable sire,  
“ Before disease impaired my strength,  
To please the late indulgent squire,  
I used to jump about this length — ”  
And treading on with gentle pace,  
He points them to the measured space.

All striving to devour the speech  
That trembles on his palsied tongue,  
They clamour round him and beseech  
The time-worn labourer to prolong  
His stay, and leisurely relate  
The history of his past estate.

The spirit that has long been hid  
Beneath his corrugated brow,  
Gleaming with freshness as it did  
When whistling at the peaceful plough,  
The lowly peasant thus essays  
To revel as in palmier days.

“ Some five-and-fifty years ago,  
There stood upon yon piece of land,  
On which a very tidy row  
Of stacks and outer buildings stand,  
A school, in which, to rustics dear,  
Was born and bred one Jonas Steer.

“ When poor old Thomas Haythorn died,  
Jonas was made the village clerk :  
Few read so well,—and when he tried,  
He sang as did the blithest lark :  
Sunday, from distant farms, would bring  
Both young and old to hear him sing.

“ Well, having soon become the talk  
Of gentle folks as well as poor,  
The farmers’ sons would daily walk  
O’er forest and the wildest moor,  
To learn of him to read and write,  
And letters to their friends indite.

“ About that very time, perhaps  
I might be head and shoulders higher  
Than any of you little chaps,  
When happening to amuse the squire,  
By sliding on the fair-close pool,  
He sent me at his cost to school.

“ And had I known the merit then  
Of scholarship as now I do,  
I should have exercised my pen  
In flourishing and writing too,  
Nor like a silly, heedless lad,  
Have joined so oft the roving squad.

“ One day we all went up to beg  
A holiday to meet the hounds ;  
When Jonas would not move a peg ;  
But stepping soon beyond the bounds  
Assigned to school, with joyous shout  
We closed the door and barred him out.

“ He sternly pushed and called aloud  
For me at once to draw the pin ;  
But laughing then outright I vowed  
That he should never more come in,  
Until he frankly should agree  
To set the whole assembly free.

“ The moment his consent was gained,  
Like Britons of the choicest blood,  
Our sinewy limbs we nearly strained  
In hastening up to Staveley wood,  
Where gentlemen in scarlet wore  
A bloom I ne’er had seen before.

“ Scarcely had we approached a spot  
Unnoticed by the sportsmen round,  
When up a fox directly got  
Within a yard of one old hound ;  
And dreading most the dog to meet,  
He bolted straight across our feet.

“ I might have stopped him if a lad,  
Perceiving my unfair design,  
Had not exclaimed ‘ that is too bad  
To kick him with such shoes as thine : ’  
And so I let the rogue go past,  
Though only to be killed at last.



“ So soon as he had clearly gone,  
Not thinking there was aught amiss,  
I followed in pursuit like one  
Intent upon a feast of bliss,  
Till seeing me on the fox's track,  
The angry huntsman drove me back.

“ Discouraged thus I stood aloof,  
To watch the busy pack go by,  
The thunder of each rampant hoof  
Responding to their tuneful cry ;  
And having manfully hallooed,  
I tore along in sprightly mood.

“ The fences had been broken down  
By horsemen in the furious rush,  
So much that now the veriest clown,  
Unawed by broken rail or bush,  
Need not have long remained behind,  
If good alike in heart and wind.

“ And knowing well my native speed  
    To be surpassed by very few,  
I reckoned soon to take the lead  
    Of most that lay within my view,  
Provided that I should not waste  
My strength by inconsiderate haste.

“ Progressively I headed those  
    Who could not brave so fast a run ;  
And thought it possible to close  
    The contest as I had begun,—  
Still passing one by one in turn,  
Nor with less glowing rapture burn.

“ But ah ! the flattering hopes of youth !  
    The pace continued yet severe ;  
And I a silly, raw, uncouth  
    Pretender in my fourteenth year !  
Nature confessed the piteous smart  
That stole upon my beating heart.

“ To me howe'er hath Fortune been  
Through all my gay careering kind ;  
For even now she changed the scene  
Exactly to my sanguine mind,  
As one brief incident or so,  
When stated, will distinctly show.

“ Distressed with heat and thirst, and blown,  
I reached at length a friendly stile,  
Near which a rippling current shone  
Like love with fresh awakened smile ;  
And sipping at its limpid breast,  
I gladly sat awhile to rest.

“ While musing on the joyless plight  
Ascribed to mud and casual rain,  
On distant hill appeared in sight  
The huntsman and his gorgeous train,  
Retracing fast, on eager scent,  
The country over which they went.

“ The savagely triumphant yell  
That sped along the healthful breeze,  
Reverberating as it fell  
Upon the ruthless forest trees,  
Howled as the wailings that arise  
Where grief unheeded never dies.

“ Loud, and yet louder in its threat,  
The death-note pealed upon the ear,  
Until so furiously beset  
By ravenous murderers in the rear,  
That heedless of my own outcry,  
The fox again ran quickly by.

“ Transported with the wild pursuit  
That now its final aspect wore,  
I followed the poor yagrant brute  
With sterner bravery than before,—  
Defying hedge and ditch that might  
Endanger my impetuous flight.

“ Bounding yet on with all the rage  
That maddening instinct could inspire,  
The threatened victim strove to wage  
Resistance, as with vain desire  
He sought to gain the close retreat  
From which he sprang across my feet.

“ Hounded along, the dauntless pack,  
Instinctive of their thirst for blood,  
Yelled an advance upon his track,  
And seized him as he neared the wood ;  
The horsemen that could reach the ground,  
In glorious phalanx circling round.

“ Up in the air the lifeless form  
Of the late gallant beast was tossed,  
And, falling in the mingled storm  
Of hungry hounds, was quickly lost,  
Save the light feet and envied brush,  
For which was made a clamorous rush.

“ Seeing me stand amidst a group  
Of loiterers on the trampled sward,  
The generous squire was pleased to stoop  
And say that, as a just reward,  
The huntsman had thought well to cut  
Me off the vanquished fox a foot.

“ Returning, as I always did,  
To noble birth a cheerful bow,  
I thanked him, and directly slid  
Away so fast, I know not how —  
To show the splendid trophy won  
In this severe protracted run.

“ And well do I remember yet  
The sweet emotion that would rise,  
When holding out to those I met  
Upon my way the boasted prize,  
Conjuring all to mind lest they  
Should mar it in their wanton play.

“ For more than twenty years I kept  
That foot with unabated pride ;  
While single, whereso’er I slept —  
When married, by the chimney side ;  
Until my wife decreed it must  
Be decently consigned to dust.

“ A few months after this exploit,  
My benefactor said that he  
Required a healthy, young, adroit  
Male servant, and had thought of me :  
If, therefore, I should feel disposed,  
The contract might at once be closed.

“ So strangely did his speech affect  
Me for an instant, that I knew  
Not how to utter a direct  
Reply to it, beyond a few  
Disjointed words, by which I meant  
To signify my warm assent.

“ He left me then to ponder o’er  
    The subject of his hasty call ;  
But not before an hour or more  
    Had passed, could I remember all  
The incidents that had transpired,  
While being thus approved and hired.

“ However doubtful it may seem  
    To those who understand it not,  
Through all my life a waking dream  
    Has shadowed forth my future lot, —  
And this presaged, had played its part  
In gladdening oft my youthful heart.

“ With fervour such as boyhood wears,  
    When sporting in its native guise,  
I entered on my rustic cares,  
    Unfettered by obnoxious ties ;  
The bailiff on my patron’s land  
Tending me with a parent’s hand.



“ Quick as the watch-dog would I spring,  
In answer to the plough-man's hint,  
That Time upon resistless wing  
Had penciled his diurnal tint  
Already in the Eastern sky,  
And we must with his journeying vie.

“ Not then, as now, did cold and heat  
In turn depress and cheer my frame ;  
The burning sun, the pelting sleet,  
Found me in every sense the same  
Adherent to the welcome yoke,  
And trusty as our British oak !

“ Lads, be the voice whate'er it may  
That tempts you to forsake your post,  
Old England's cherished laws obey,  
Nor even dread a threatening host, —  
But stand, though perils round you wait,  
As living bulwarks in the State !

“ A nobler bearing is required  
To guard against the sordid sneak,  
Who, in a kindred garb attired,  
Corrupts the worth he feigns to seek,  
Than that which braves the stalwart arm  
Of burglar on the lonely farm.

“ Beware of those who court your side  
For purposes unjust and mean ;  
Nor fail to honour as your guide  
The righteous precepts that are seen,  
By teachers of an earlier age,  
Recorded on the sacred page.

“ Incentives to prevailing vice  
Where least suspected often dwell ;  
And he who gives the best advice  
Deceives himself perchance as well ;  
But all who look to heaven confer  
With Him who is too wise to err.

“ Early in life I held my will,  
By grace, subservient to His own,  
Which happily preserves me still,  
Though yet to sad declension prone ;  
And day by day a mystic voice  
Softly commends my timely choice.

“ By this eventful bias, gained  
While passion binds the soul in thrall,  
And this alone, may be explained  
My unobtrusive love for all :  
No mandate less than one divine  
Made such observance strictly mine.

“ The richest boon on me bestowed  
By usages observed at school,  
Was that which taught me that I owed  
Obedience to the Christian rule  
Of reading, as the day recurred,  
Some portion of God’s holy word.

“ Devoid of light thus sought and prized  
More highly than the gifts of man,  
Toiling unheeded or despised,  
I might have lingered out the span  
Allotted to existence here,  
And died without a mourner near.

“ But with the Psalmist do I hold  
The language that he wrote and spake :  
‘ I have been young, and now am old,’  
And never saw my God forsake  
The righteous, nor his seed yet tread  
The crowded haunt to beg their bread.

“ As sober manhood supervened  
On giddy unreflecting youth,  
With growing diligence I gleaned  
The treasury of Gospel truth ;  
Yea always have I had recourse  
For counsel to that heavenly source.

“ Should infidels presume to say  
That godliness *subdues* the soul ;  
And pertinaciously inveigh  
Against its orthodox control ;  
Demonstrate, by the aid I give,  
How *cheerfully* the Christians live !

“ That spirit which, while yet a boy,  
Impelled my hurried steps along,  
Or stimulated me to toy  
With pleasure-laden hours in song,  
Displayed an energy at length  
In memorable feats of strength.

“ No foolish ebullition fired  
My heart with self-avenging strife ;  
No physical exertion tired  
The ruder instruments of life :  
Fortune, to testify her wealth,  
Enriched me with redundant health.

“ Then was it that, with soul as light  
And gentle as the parting ray  
That greets the universal sight  
Of Nature in declining day,  
I came to mingle in the scene  
Of evening mirth upon this green.

“ Custom allowed the village maid,  
With artless gayety, to mix  
In every game at which we played,  
Provided that no wanton tricks  
Were practised, that should either vex  
My Master, or disgust the sex.

“ His chief enjoyment seemed to lie  
In walking past at eventide,  
Or, when he could, in standing by,  
With some fair daughter at his side,  
To cheer me in my bounding, lest  
I should not jump beyond the rest.

“ And even now I see my wife,  
    In all the loveliness she wore  
At that fond period of her life,  
    Standing beside yon cottage door,  
In vain attempting to conceal  
Her lively interest in my weal.

“ A nod from her approving head,  
    Whene'er my turn arrived to start,  
Like heavenly benediction, sped  
    Its way to my devoted heart,  
And carried me six yards or more—  
A distance that none else could score.

“ Nor do I think her cheek has lost  
    A tittle of its earlier bloom ;  
Though nearly seventy winters' frost  
    Has shaded it with deeper gloom  
Than fell upon that lovely face,  
When lighted up with youthful grace.

“ But hale as both of us appear,  
And likely to survive as yet,  
In quiet, to some distant year,  
Reflection will at times beget  
A passing sigh, that we can toil  
No longer at the fruitful soil.

“ We might have shared the common lot  
Of age and poverty ere now,  
If, in his life, the squire had not  
Remembered to record a vow —  
That Time should not imprint his gaunt  
Device on me in lines of want.”

\* \* \* \* \*



## THE FADED LEAF.

It might be thought this faded leaf,  
Unhonoured in its reign and brief,  
    Had never shone at all ;  
And yet a more enchanting green  
Is seldom in the foliage seen,  
    Than this before its fall.

In Nature's fair approving hand,  
It may have graced the choicest band  
    Of garlands where it grew ;  
Reflecting to the raptured sight  
The sparkling rays of orient light,  
    In drops of heavenly dew.

But now the sport of every gale,  
This relic tells a piteous tale  
    Of glories that are past,—  
A tale of warning to mankind,  
To treasure for the deathless mind  
    A sweet abode at last.

For man, as well as leaf and flower,  
Awaits the fast approaching hour  
    Of Nature's awful doom :  
And he who gains not here the price  
Of wisdom's costly merchandise,  
    Seeks vainly in the tomb.

## THE LAURUSTINUS.

How grateful to behold a flower  
Thus smiling in autumnal rain,  
Like love rejoicing in its power  
To soothe the captive heart in pain !

The brighter offspring of the sun  
Devote their sweets to pleasure's day ;  
And when its glittering course is run,  
Sink gently into cool decay.

But this surpassing gem reveals  
Its lovely charms when they are gone,  
And o'er the drooping spirit steals  
Like heaven upon the unholy one !

So be my own affections brought  
To bear the test of pity's claim ;  
And spurn the mean degrading thought  
Of friendship as an empty name.

## THE CAT AND KITTENS.

IN IMITATION OF WORDSWORTH.

I LOVE the habits of my favourite Cat,  
 And I do love her playful Kittens too:  
 I give them bits of meat and things like that,  
 And they, I ween, are pleased and well to do:  
 The Cat is a surviving one of two  
 That Betty Piggin brought when rather young;  
 The other in the pond some lawless traveller flung.

The Cat she comes and purs upon my knee,  
 And seems withal so gentle in her mien,  
 That you might wonder how she could be free  
 To sit where she can thus be plainly seen:  
 Sometimes she wanders o'er the pleasant green,  
 But soon returning, seemeth to espy  
 Some fresh inducement on my vacant knee to lie.

A stranger might be puzzled to discern  
What tranquil creature could be sleeping there;  
So like is she where'er the eye may turn,  
To some soft piece of turf dug up with care;  
Or like a resident of some pure air,  
Just come to fill the Poet's mind with strength,  
To write on natural things with unobtrusive length.

And when, in sooth, I gaze upon her so,  
(The Cat I mean) how many homely thoughts,  
Concerning kindred ties, thereof do grow  
Into mute fancies of familiar sorts:  
Such waywardness of mood at times distorts  
The commonest objects into things refined,  
In him who has at heart the good of human kind.

I think of early home and tender years,  
And marvellous stories such as matrons tell;  
And then I think of many childish tears  
On grave occasions from my eyes that fell:  
Or perhaps of some poor pedlar that did sell  
His honest wares for thrifty housewives' use,  
Nor in his humble trade would exercise abuse.

I think as well of journeying by land,  
And what this hardy pedlar has endured,  
Perils that truly had well nigh unmanned  
Aught less courageous! and as one secured  
From dangerous adventures, whilst immured  
Beside my cottage hearth, have I bethought  
Myself how oft I am by others' miseries taught!

He told me once, this same old man, how he,  
When sore benighted on the lonely moor,  
Nor able man, or beast, or furze to see,  
And longing hard to reach some human door,  
Had heard some dismal scream, not far before,  
Nor yet behind, but rather at his side,  
Which made him inly quake in that place to abide.

Nor yet was it exactly like a scream,  
But seemed to be a strange particular sound —  
Not all alive, nor yet quite like a dream,  
But such as in a Poet's brain is found,  
When deep disordered thoughts do most abound:  
It might resemble some lone hidden shout,  
As heard in stormy nights when grave owls are about.

While thus I ponder on the dolesome past,  
A voice doth mildly breathe its timid pur ;  
And as my tender gaze is downward cast,  
She rubs against my hand her delicate fur :  
And ere I can for soft emotion stir,  
The Kittens with their tails somewhat inclined,  
Come dancing in almost as nimbly as the wind.

The meekest of the Kittens now espies  
A harmless cork, and innocently goes  
Up to it ; and, to play therewith, it tries,  
As would experience teach, to stretch its toes ;  
And now methinks if corks were natural foes,  
The contest could not very long endure,  
Without the victory being to this good Kitten sure.

Another with an aspect less serene,  
Looks straight into a sister's tiny face ;  
And wondering what had made its eye so green,  
Thinks thereupon that it will have a race :  
The other joining with as brisk a pace,  
They both run round as coursers do abreast,  
When they appear resolved each other's speed to test.

The Cat she sits with meditative look,  
As oft will mothers on their children's play ;  
And to the little one that has forsook  
Its cork, I trow, she would appear to say—  
“ These varied antics may incur some day  
“ A fretful emulation, that shall prove  
“ An interruption, may be, to our family love.”

The Kitten, dutiful as human child  
By pious parents diligently trained,  
With tender sympathy stands unbeguiled  
By deeds that might have wilder passions stained :  
The rest appear by this time to have gained  
A necessary warning — to refrain  
From that which might inflict on their poor mother pain.

So gentle is this favourite Cat and firm ;  
So are her Kittens willing to be led :  
The first in anger scarce would harm a worm ;  
The last on stealthy gains would not be fed :  
And pleasant are their musings when in bed ;  
And when a quiet conscience I would woo,  
I'll think of this good Cat and of her Kittens too.



## ON A FLY.

IN IMITATION OF WORDSWORTH.

A LITTLE fly, on wings of silk,  
Did settle near my bread and milk,  
And coming up to it in haste,  
Was minded by and by to taste :  
I wondered meekly, and betook  
Myself to what was left,  
When darted up a frightened look  
From this said fly, as it forsook  
Its place, and settled on a book,  
Dishonoured not by theft.

I thought of honesty in flies,  
And viewed this one contrariwise  
To that, in heart, which I did then  
Incline to feel for wicked men :  
I longed to see things great and small,  
Like this good insect near,  
Unite hereafter, as should all,  
To live in peace, whate'er befall,  
And on each other's service call,  
Should want or dread appear.

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AN EPIGRAM ON THE LATE POET LAUREATE.

HAD I been asked, I should have guessed  
His name had been applied in jest,—  
So truly do his Works set forth  
A claim to "Words," but none to "Worth."

PASTIMES WITH THE LATE POET LAUREATE,  
WORDSWORTH.

WHAT shall I do? my forehead aches,  
And heaviness disturbs my frame  
So much, that every limb partakes  
Of weakness, as if tired and lame.

A threatened influenza fills  
My mind with many doubts and fears,  
That strengthen as the case distils  
Successive drops of falling tears.

I cannot read,—nor can I hold  
Colloquial intercourse with those  
Dear neighbours whom I laud or scold,  
As well in simple verse as prose.

My prattling twins are fast asleep ;  
But lucklessly my younger boys,  
How cautiously soe'er they creep,  
Appear to make too great a noise.

Late as I commonly retire,  
It cannot be expected yet  
That I shall leave my books and fire,  
Without some feeling of regret.

What shall be done ? I know not how  
To spend another hour or two  
So fitly, that I might allow  
My patients thus in turn to do.

The Poet Laureate might assist  
In settling what I deem a point  
As puzzling to be soon dismissed,  
As pain in every irksome joint.

His poetry the children say  
 Is easy as their A B C,  
 And possibly it might to-day  
 Be found a pleasant treat to me.

Ah! Daddy\*, little dost thou know  
 The pains I have been at to find  
 Thy bulky volume, high and low,  
 And still it has been left behind.

My symptoms properly suggest  
 The thought of leeches, and the poor  
 Old man thy pretty lines attest  
 Once to have met thee on the moor.

He must have been a queer old man,  
 And surely tough as wire or leather,  
 To have survived so great a span  
 That head and feet should come together.

\* A familiar term by which Wordsworth was known amongst his friends.

The strange phenomenon *would* seem

Analogous to some "huge stone" <sup>(1)</sup>

Beside a muddy pond or stream,

"Couched" on an "eminence" alone;

Or "like a sea-beast"—precious thought,

And no less happily conceived

Than some that Heathen Poets taught, <sup>(2)</sup>

And superstitious fools believed.

But where, dear Wordsworth, is thy book?

Ah! miserable truth—alack!

My prating washerwoman took

It home, and never brought it back.

By virtue of the laurel which

So worthily adorns thy brow,

Will I compel the noisy \* \* \* \*

To bring it home, and bring it *now*.

(1) This and the succeeding numerals, refer commonly to passages in Wordsworth's poetry, to be found in the Notes.

Here might I sit with Alice Fell,  
 As lovers in a tête-à-tête;  
 Or Peter Bell I like as well,  
 And profit at a glorious rate.

Instead of which, the passing time  
 Is undeservedly employed  
 In efforts to declare in rhyme  
 How seriously I feel annoyed!

One sweet reflection have I left—  
 That, let me once the prize regain,  
 And though of other joys bereft,  
 Thy book shall on my desk remain.

Jan. 26, 1850.

## PART II.

Though far her residence, and rough  
 The way, and perilously dark,  
 I summoned to my aid a bluff  
 Strong lad to fetch old Nanny Clarke.

But not without *the Book*, for that  
Was what I needed more than her,  
Who, when she joins the social chat,  
Is often very loath to stir.

No sooner did she reach my room,  
Escorted by her youthful guide,  
Than, having first dismissed the groom,  
I seated Nanny by my side.

“Nanny,” said I, in playful mood,  
“You have involved me in a plight,  
To search for what I understood  
At length to have absconded quite.”

“The Muses have been pleased to lend  
A gracious hearing to my prayer,  
So far as even to commend  
Me to the Poet Wordsworth's care.



“ And after having spent an hour  
In pleasing interchange of thought,  
His countenance began to lower,  
As though he deemed me badly taught.

“ Immediate refuge did I seek  
Within his own capacious mind,  
Imagining that one so weak  
As I am would indulgence find.

“ But then he would insist upon  
Examining how far I had  
With him, in his ‘Excursion,’ gone,  
And if I had enjoyed the *fad*. \*

“ Bewildered by his searching look,  
And having nothing more to say,  
I hurried off to find my *Book*,  
As lads will that have been at play.

\* A local term, expressive of fun.

“And curse you:”—“Stop Sir,” Nanny said;

Then in a proper tone averred,

Already that I had been led

To use a most unseemly word.

And talking, as she often will,

When nothing interrupts her plan,

“I must,” said she, “the fact instil

That Wordsworth is a moral man.”

Well, not to cavil thus, did I

Inveigh against her further chatter,

Unless she chose to amplify

On some of his poetic matter.

The proposition pleased her so,

That Byron, did he yet survive,

A panegyric might bestow,

To hear her with the subject strive.

“ What but a Poet,” said she, “ Sir,  
And one, too, of the highest order,  
Could have created so much stir  
As he, within the British border ?”

“ And justly so, for has he not  
Employed his genius to unfold  
The works of Nature, till nor jot  
Nor tittle has been left untold ?

“ Who knew, before his eye discerned  
The habits of the Lark, (<sup>s</sup>) that he  
Was ‘drunken,’ and, oh ! heaven, had earned  
Much credit undeservedly ?

“ Observe, again, how oft he tells  
Us what a traveller he is,  
And with what emphasis he dwells  
On attributes allied to his.

“ Then, while he holds the wise may soar,  
But, like the Lark, they never roam,  
He frankly says,—yea, o’er and o’er,—  
That rarely is he found at home.

“ What modern Poet,” Nanny asked,  
“ Has aimed at so divine a code  
As that which he, though hardly tasked,  
Has on the moral world bestowed?”

In choice of theme, again, she proved  
How fortunate was Betty Foy  
To lure him, when the spirit moved  
His breast, to treat her “ *idiot boy*.”

Nor, Daddy, could I well dispute  
Thy fitness to construct the tale  
Of Mother, idiot son, and brute,  
Conjointly helping Susan Gale.

Devoted then, as thou hadst been  
For many years, to simple song,  
The features of so chaste a scene  
Thou couldst with touching grace prolong.

Beside, thou hast the power to give  
Love, hope, or joy, or deepest guilt,  
Some strange unknown prerogative,  
Or modify them as thou wilt.

And surely in a case unique  
For odd reverses that befel  
Them one and all in turn, the clique  
Deserved to be reported well !

Thus Johnny's Pony "*thinks*," (4) and knows  
Most intimately Johnny's phiz,—  
Yet cannot tell, when off he goes  
With Johnny, who the rider is.

Moreover, do we learn again

How needless was a " whip or wand" <sup>(5)</sup>

To Johnny on his mission, when

He had already one in hand.

Such faithfulness in detail lifts

Thee far beyond my feeble praise ;

And other yet and rarer gifts

Adorn the choicest of thy lays.

Thy vast experience confounds

The maxims of the great and wise ;

And where no other light abounds,

Thy wisdom all the void supplies.

" The father of a fool," said one

Of high distinction, " hath no joy ;" \*

But thy proud heroine doted on

The fortune of her " idiot boy."

\* Proverbs, xvii. 21. 25.

The same authority declares

“ A foolish son” to grieve no less  
His Mother ; yet did Betty’s cares  
Increase her store of blessedness.

The Psalmist and the Prophets give

*Activity* to joy, and paint  
All hearts that in its kingdom live,  
To sing and dance without restraint.

But thy beloved Johnny, though

He mounted with becoming pride  
A quiet animal, was slow  
To whip or spur the Pony’s side.

His joy attained so high a pitch,

That thereupon he grew too idle  
To care another instant which  
Way he should go, or “ hold the bridle.” (6)

Did a career like this imply  
That Johnny's heart was "full of glee,"  
Or did it breathe a troubled sigh  
For interchange of soul with thee?

But should poor Johnny's rueful mien  
Be thought equivocal of joy,  
The Critic will be bound to lean  
To thee when treating "*Betty Foy.*"

For, lo! thou hast awarded her  
A bliss so lavishly sublime,  
That every rival must defer  
To thee alike in sense and rhyme.

And why the Muses should inspire  
Thee with such raciness of thought,  
I stop not, Daddy, to inquire,  
But proudly hail thee as I ought!



Now, gentle reader, mark the fact!

That Betty's ecstasy combined  
Results that might have even racked  
The genius of this master mind.

" Her arms are up,"—she duly " screams,"  
When having found her " idiot boy ;" (7)  
And yet, somehow, the Poet dreams  
Poor Betty " cannot move for joy."

Johnny and Pony, each in sight,  
And greeted,— she is " happy here,"  
And " happy there ;" (8) still, luckless wight,  
" She is uneasy every where."

The Pony dear " is mild and good,"  
On which was placed the " idiot boy ;"  
So nicely flows his native blood,  
" You hardly can perceive *his joy*."

But many wonders meet the view  
*Of those who truly read to learn,*  
 Which wits and scholars that pursue  
 A heedless course *might not discern.*

The night that cast a partial veil  
 O'er Johnny was *profoundly still* ;  
 While owlets told their wonted tale,  
 And echoes fled "from hill to hill."

So silent was the night, and slow  
 Was Betty, though she sometimes ran,  
 That grass you might have heard to grow,  
 You might, indeed, "if e'er you can." (9)

Feb. 6, 1850.

### PART III.

Father of British song! from whom  
 A host of Satellites educe  
 Whatever light thy stanzas doom  
 Them each to gain for future use,—

With gratitude no less sincere  
 Than is this record of my praise,  
 Would I yet further seek to cheer  
 The pride of thy declining days.

While other bards, in language bold  
 And daring, have assumed too much ;  
 Thy pretty expletives have told  
 How just a dread thou hast of such !

Is it a boy thou wouldst invite  
 To see " a broad and gilded vane ? "  
 Then is it said " there was in sight,  
 It caught his eye, he saw it plain."\*

By treating men as though they were  
 But " children of maturer growth,"  
 The youngest grade thy pity share,  
 And thus art thou revered by both

\* See Wordsworth's Anecdote for Fathers.

Few Poets join so clear a head  
As thine with such a chastened heart ;  
And few that Britain's sons have read,  
A lesson of such worth impart.

With admirable prescience did  
Great Robert Southey teach us all,  
That future ages would forbid  
Thy present fame to sink or fall.

But that with Milton wouldst thou stand,  
Uninjured by the lapse of time,—  
A beacon to this envied land,  
And read in every distant clime !

Delighted with his praise, thou must  
Have loved him more than all beside ;  
Though *possibly* some slight distrust  
In public taste was here implied.

What could it be but envy, ah!  
 And that in *unprovoked* excess,  
 That prompted Byron to say *bah*!  
 To such applauded wordiness.

He charged on thee a "vulgar brain,"  
 Unconscious of the sweet repast  
 Discovered in thy simple strain,  
 When thought is young, or waning fast.

Some readers even now presume  
 To say, that a superb edition  
 Of all thy works would be but fume,  
 Compared with one admired petition.\*

And ill-advised, unlettered men  
 Impertinently seek to jest us,  
 On what they call thy "trash," and then  
 Make pointed reference to "Festus."

\* The Mouse's — by Mrs. Barbauld.

As though the Author of that Work  
Had any claim to rank with thee,  
In all the subtle arts that lurk  
Within the depths of Poetry.

Would he, at one ecstatic bound,  
Have dared to leap Parnassus' steep,  
And struggle with the vast profound,  
In thus descanting upon sleep?

" A slumber did my spirit seal ;  
I had no human fears :  
She seemed a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.

" No motion has she now, no force ;  
She neither hears nor sees ;  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,  
With rocks, and stones, and trees."

No, Daddy, no ; nor can his mind  
 Luxuriate in unfeigned devotion  
 Like thine, or treat the " Air " or " Wind "  
 So fitly, or the boundless ocean.

Such true command hast thou, indeed,  
 Of air and water, as to float,  
 With wonderful poetic speed,  
 Through either in thy " little boat."

This is a blessing known to none  
 But writers of the purest class,  
 Of whom thou art the only one  
 Now left the final stream to pass.

Some " youthful poets," born to be  
 Thy " second self," and taught to " think  
 At random," <sup>(10)</sup> may be found as free  
 At Wisdom's hidden fount to drink.

And taking Nature for their guide,  
Since destined in thy course to run,  
May tell us with becoming pride,  
That "*the green field sleeps in the sun.*"<sup>(11)</sup>

Most graciously thy friends admit,  
Though scoffers say they know not how,  
The honours of the state to fit  
Thine own as did they Warton's brow !

And joining in their view, I would  
That heaven may yet thy days prolong,  
Lest, peradventure, one so good  
Should not again be found in song !

Feb. 9, 1850.



## TO A LADY

DEVOTEDLY ATTACHED TO THE PERSON OF A FOOLISH MAN.

O, THAT thou mightest live to see  
My future life efface the stain  
Of guilt, in having tortured thee  
And Curson with insulting pain.

I knew, for thou hast oft declared  
In accents of approving tone,  
That once this clever Thespian shared  
The heart I seek to call my own.

I knew that his reputed skill  
In capering to the tuneful lyre,  
Had kindled in thy breast a thrill  
Of pleasing but unhallowed fire.

I knew that his enchanting song  
Had lured thee closely to his side,  
Where thou wouldst studiously prolong  
The stay with unaffected pride.

And when the siren-maiden's voice  
Had nearly drawn him from thine arms,  
How did thy panting soul rejoice  
To save him from her boasted charms!

'Twas said by thee in years gone by,  
That brighter than the radiant star  
Was his attractive, beauteous eye,  
And dearer to thy presence far!

A word, a look, would each reveal  
Fresh beauties to thy longing view,  
And o'er the balmy senses steal  
Like heaven upon the morning dew.

All this I knew, but not till now  
Was it my hapless doom to hear,  
That thou hadst made a secret vow  
To love him through thy bright career!

Of me then shall it ne'er be said  
That, heedless of thy yearning heart,  
I would assail his foolish head,  
And laugh to see him bear the smart.

For thy dear sake, one great delight  
Shall be throughout my future days,  
Whenever thou shalt bless my sight,  
To load him with indulgent praise!

EARLY REMINISCENCES,  
AWAKENED BY A CHRISTMAS VISIT.

Lo ! Christmas now again  
Dissolves the fleeting year,  
As mirthfully as when  
That word fell on my ear,  
In consonance with hope and joy,  
While yet a little thoughtless boy.

The mistletoe retains  
Its customary seat ;  
Fresh holly decks the panes  
Throughout the village street ;  
And lads, with laughter-loving eyes,  
Attempt to kiss the fairest prize.

The shining metal pot  
With frumenty is stored ;  
And apples smoking hot  
Come bouncing to the board,  
For children of the best report  
To plunge into their milk for sport.

The fattened pigs are killed  
These parties to regale ;  
And rustic hands are filled  
With cups of foaming ale :  
Mince-pies adorn the neatest tray,  
And welcome us with smiles to-day.

The buns of " olden time"  
Are yet in like request ;  
And carols in bad rhyme  
Are sung by every guest :  
We all, of high and low degree,  
Together join in dance and glee.

The rudely sounded horn  
Now echoes in the dark ;  
And heavy mastiffs warn  
Aggressors in their bark :  
The cricket, lost in pure amaze,  
Sits chirping to the evening blaze.

And so the joyous theme,  
In which I played my part  
Through boyhood's waking dream,  
Still finds a gladsome heart,  
Where changing seasons in their roll,  
Leave uncorrupt the youthful soul.

## SONNET.

## INSPIRATION.

WHY, in this age of reason, should it seem  
That Inspiration, which no art can feign,  
Is less vouchsafed us by the Great Supreme  
Than in the recognised prophetic reign ;  
When, even through the visions of a dream,  
The mind discovers a perspective train  
Of living sequence, that becomes the theme  
Of future gratulation or of pain.  
While calm abstraction, in the silent hour  
Of conscious being, quickens and endues  
With secret faculties a bird or flower,  
And beautifies it with appropriate hues ;  
Or peoples with new life a planet, hurled  
Thence into space before a startled world !

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S INVITATION OF HER ELFIN TRIBE TO  
THE FESTIVITIES OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

YE spirits of air !  
That encircle the fair,  
Come, come to the fanciful bower ;  
And bring each to the scene  
Some invisible green,  
Or the soul of a sensitive flower !

Come arrayed in the light  
Of the heaven-born night  
That illumined our interview last :  
And the pleasure shall teem  
In a lovelier stream  
Than it has on the revelries past.



Come ye that are far  
As the evening star,  
With the help that her treasures unfold :  
Bring lustres that shed  
Such a light on the dead,  
As the spirits rejoice to behold !

Come ye from the chase  
Of the regions of space,  
With the glory ye gather in flight :  
And playfully bound  
In the gay little round  
Of the fairies invited to-night.

Come ye that would sleep  
In eternity's deep  
If the fairy-bell called you not thence ;  
And engage in a dance  
On the moon's soft glance,  
Ere the morning shall summon us hence.

Come ye that have sought  
In the fountains of thought  
For the very first sound that was rung ;  
And the blisses you see  
In such visions of glee,  
Shall in musical numbers be sung.

Come ye that are most  
On the perilous coast  
Where hope is too fatally wrecked ;  
And scatter the pearls  
In which innocent girls  
May be always in loveliness decked.

Come ye that survey  
The fastidious way  
In which fancy delighteth to roam ;  
And lavish the mite  
Of a rambling sprite  
On the altar of this little home.

Come ye that ascend,  
With a wish to attend  
By the gates of the heavenly way ;  
And joyfully sing  
On celestial wing,  
At the dawning of Christmas day !

Come all that shall range  
Through the uttermost change  
Of eternity's boundless career ;  
And give honour to Time  
In this bountiful clime,  
At the close of another short year.

For the sun is gone down,  
And the neighbouring town  
Is exulting in rivers of bliss ;  
And the thickening dew  
Should have welcomed the crew  
Of the fairy tribe long before this !

Be witness ye skies !  
What a galaxy flies  
Now along the perturbable air ;  
Till the atoms themselves  
Appear destined with elves  
In the festive enjoyment to share.

O Earth, entertain  
The celestial train  
With a reverence due to its birth ;  
Nor suffer a breath,  
At the peril of death,  
To disturb this unparalleled mirth.

If silence be kept  
Until all shall have swept  
O'er the ground we are tempted to borrow ;  
The pondering hind  
Shall assuredly find  
Fairy-rings in his field on the morrow.

Bright! brighter still glows  
The rich lustre that flows  
From the beauties surrounding my throne;  
Till the privileged spot  
Has apparently got  
On a vesture of brilliants alone!

One slippery heel  
Shall in tenderness steal  
Through the breast of a thrush on its spray;  
And the songster be heard,  
Before others have stirred,  
To salute the now fast coming day.

Another shall touch,  
With a fairy wand, such  
Of the lilies as sleep in its path!  
And each shall disclose  
Richer sweets than the rose,  
Or the perfume of Araby hath.

The daphne shall greet  
The aërial feet  
Of us all in our happiest smile !  
And Beauty shall bring  
Her own daughters in Spring,  
To be charmed with its odour awhile !

A fairy shall stoop  
With a magical hoop,  
To decoy the light woodbine along !  
And under its shade  
Shall a beautiful maid  
Entertain the fond youth with her song !

The visions of love  
We have brought from above,  
To the fairest on earth shall be given ;  
And when light shall adorn  
The sweet opening morn,  
We will fly up again to our heaven !

## REFLECTIONS ON TIME AND ETERNITY,

SUGGESTED BY THE CLOSE OF ANOTHER YEAR. 1848.

TIME, on whose unrestrained career  
 The swift revolving seasons roll,  
 Speaks loudly in the waning year  
 To every fleeting, deathless soul,  
 Of hours profusely sacrificed,  
 And mercies but too lightly prized.

The solemn admonition finds  
 An echo in each living heart,  
 Though unrepentant folly binds  
 Its myriads to incur the smart  
 Of shunning wisdom's purest ray,  
 That points to God in endless day.

The nursling of unnumbered cares,  
 That hangs upon the mother's breast,  
 Heeds not the world's delusive snares,  
 But banquets on and sinks to rest,—  
 Nor dreams that it is born to be  
 An heir of immortality.

The youth, unmindful of those sweets  
 That happily to youth pertain,  
 With ardent expectation greets  
 The future as his *only gain*, —  
 But hope, that cheers him proudly on,  
 Is lost before the prize is won.

And now by sterner duties tried,  
 The thoughtful man laments to see  
 His cherished hours so swiftly glide  
 To swell one vast immensity —  
 That soon in wretchedness or peace,  
 His intercourse with Time must cease.

The aged sire, if yet he can  
 Reflect when all is waning fast,  
 Discovers that the longest span  
 Of human life is quickly past,  
 And that the rest for which we crave  
 Is found but in the silent grave.



Oh, fearful thought ! that what we more  
 Than every other comfort need,  
 And heaven supplies in bounteous store,  
 We yet should undevoutly heed ;  
 And madly toil on earth to meet  
 A yawning hell beneath our feet !

The even pulse, the tranquil breath,  
 Though redolent of life and health,  
 Still warn us that insatiate death  
 Is following with unwearied stealth ;  
 While trembling winds in anguish swell  
 The burthen of the funeral knell.

To those who fear the doleful sound  
 May next be heard to mourn for them,  
 Wisdom, and grace, and strength abound  
 In Christ, the Child of Bethlehem :  
 Then come who lack this heavenly store,  
 And hunger ye and thirst no more.

WRITTEN ON EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1851, AFTER THE  
PERFORMANCE OF A SURGICAL OPERATION ON MY RIGHT  
CHEEK.

How little does the soul regard  
The flesh it has resigned on earth,  
When death reveals the bright reward  
Awaiting its celestial birth !

That portion of my suffering cheek  
That surgery has just excised,  
No more again I care to seek,  
Though once it was so dearly prized.

And so when all this body dies,  
And heaven appears before my view,  
Relinquishing its earthly ties,  
The soul will disregard it too.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE PROSPECT OF DEATH, WHILST  
WALKING WITH A FEW FRIENDS, ON THE EVENING OF  
APRIL 22, 1851.

WHAT more delightful than to leave  
The closely crowded haunts of men,  
On such a glowing, tranquil eve  
As this for daisied walks again,  
With children by my side—as when  
I strolled along, myself a child,  
Through pastures or the forest glen,  
To be with varied sweets beguiled.

But crushed with sorrow now my heart  
Longs in forgetfulness to lie,  
Ere yet the solar beams impart  
Their blushes to yon Western sky:  
For though my dearest friends are nigh,  
And love awaits my quick return,  
Abandoned to despair I sigh  
To rest within the silent urn.

## N O T E S.

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### THE BUTTERCUP, page 152.

UNDER the popular term Buttercup are here included three distinct species of plants, belonging to the Natural Order Ranunculaceæ, viz. Figwort (*ficaria verna*), Marsh Marigold (*caltha palustris*), and Crow-foot (*ranunculus acris*). Though tending little to promote the interest of poetry, it may be no less acceptable to the reader to learn how valuable a purpose the last of these well-known plants serves to fulfil in the order of Providence. Food, it may be remarked, is the natural stimulus to the stomach, and is provided by Nature not simply to gratify the cravings of hunger, but to repair, in the ultimate process of digestion, the waste to which animal bodies are subjected, in the maintenance of vitality. Instinctively do those classes which come not under the control of man, as does man himself where civilization is unknown, seek the kind of aliment to which they are expressly adapted by the Great Author of their being; and no appropriation of them to domestic purposes can be profitably conducted which is not based on an attentive consideration of their constitutional

peculiarities and habits. Thus cattle delight exceedingly to graze on old established pastures: and observation, directed to the fact, is not long in determining that the passion owes its rise to the healthful variety in which the natural grasses are intermingled in such fields, and to the consequent facility afforded for the gratification of individual taste. The calf, which has scarcely yet been practised in the art of assimilating vegetable matter, lingers awhile o'er each inviting plant, and crops the fairest; while those of more ripened form tear off the rampant blade, and season the meal with spices drawn from acrid sources near. The most available of these cordial resources are the several species of *ranunculus*, crow-foot, and the leaves of the earth, or pignut (*bunium bulbocastanum*). In Spring, when the grasses are extremely succulent, these aromatics possess a pungency little short of the mustard of commerce; but as they advance to maturity, they lose this property, and by drying, it is entirely dissipated. The design to be fulfilled in these mutations is clearly discoverable, and is worthy of Him whose are "the cattle on a thousand hills." The tendency of succulent vegetables that partake not of an aromatic principle to fermentation, when exposed to a heat like that which they encounter in the living stomach, is so great, that before the work of rumination can be conducted, there is an evolution of gas which defies its further progress. Stimulants possess not only the power to suspend fermentation for some time, but to quicken the stomach in the discharge of its common duty. And of this herbivorous animals are so

well aware, that they will consume just so much crow-foot as is necessary to obtain for them an efficient digestion. They commonly eat most before retiring to rest at night, and as if to throw off the lassitude engendered by repose, when rising to renew the task of providing for the day. To me it has often afforded interest to watch their operations at such times. If a scarcity of the plant occur where a beast is feeding, she soon repairs to another spot; and if she happen to seize more than is wanted to impart the required flavour, by a dexterous manœuvre she conducts that which is dispensable to an angle of the mouth, and thence lets it fall. As vegetation ripens, its watery particles give place to fibrous matter : the probability of fermentation, therefore, is diminished ; and, of course, less condiment is needed for protection. Hence the several families of the ranunculus are losing their virulence at that period ; and by such time as grass has been converted into hay, they have taken on the character of bland, nutritive products, that may be eaten without intermixture with other herbage. We learn, then, in the school of Nature, that in providing those substitutes for the natural grasses which improved husbandry enjoins, as well with a view to the interest of the soil, as to that of the stock which subsist thereon, we ought to sow conjointly with clover, dilla, &c., the seed of crow-foot, or of some plant equally stimulating. For want of this precaution, the effects of young clover on cattle are often very distressing, though not more so than would result from the use of Spring-grass, without the generous intervention I have alluded to.

## THE STORY WITHOUT AN END, page 248.

(DAS MÄRCHEN OHNE ENDE.)

Es war einmal ein Kind, das wohnte in einer engen Hütte, aber in der Hütte war nichts als ein kleines Bettchen, und in einer dunkeln Ecke hing ein Spiegel. Das Kind kümmerte sich aber nicht um den Spiegel, sondern sobald der erste Sonnenstrahl leise durch die runden Scheiben schlüpfte, und des Kindes Augenlieder küsste, und draussen das Finklein und Zeiserlein ihr Morgenlied anstimmten, und das Kind freundlich aufweckten, ging es hinaus auf die Wiese, und forderte von der Schlüsselblume Mehl, und Zucker von dem Veilchen, und von der Butterblume Butter, schöpfte in einem blauen Blumenkelche Thautropfen von den Masslieben, breitete ein grosses Lindenblatt aus, setzte seine kleinen Näschiereien darauf und labte sich daran. Zuweilen lud es eine summende Biene, öfter doch die bunten Schmetterlinge, am liebsten die blauen Libellen zu Gast. Die Biene murmelte Vieles von ihren Reichthümern durch den Bart; das Kind aber meinte, der aufgespeicherten Schätze werde sie doch nicht recht froh, und es müsse ihr doch viel herrlicher zu Muthe seyn, wenn sie in der freien Frühlingsluft herumschwebe, und zum Gewebe der Sonnenstrahlen fröhlich summen könne, als wenn sie mit schweren Füßen und schwerem Herzen ihr Wachssilber und ihr Honiggold in die enge dunkle Zelle einschleppe. Darin gab ihm der

Schmetterling Beifall und erzählte, wie er sonst so begierlich gewesen sey; wie er nur an das Essen gedacht und nicht ein einzigmal nach dem blauen Himmel aufgeschaut habe. Endlich sey er aber in sich gegangen, und wie er sonst halb träumend auf der schmutzigen Erde schwerfällig herumgekrochen, so sey er nach kurzer Zeit auf einmal wie aus einem schweren Schläfe erwacht, und ganz verändert gewesen. Nun könne er in der Luft gehen, und habe jetzt seine einzige Freude daran, bald mit dem Lichte zu spielen und dem Himmel in seinen Flügelaugen zu spiegeln, bald dem stillen Gespräche der Blumen zuzuhören und ihre Geheimnisse zu belauschen. Das gefiel dem Kinde wohl, und sein Mahl mundete ihm noch so gut, und der Sonnenglanz auf Blättern und Blumen schien ihm noch so heiter und erquicklich. Wenn aber die Biene wieder auf die Bettelei, und der Schmetterling auch bald wieder fort zu seinen Spielgesellen geflattert war, dann sass noch die Libelle auf einem Grashalm, und ihr schlankes, blankes Leibchen liebäugelte mit der Sonne, und war selbst glänzender blau als der Himmel, und die zwei Flügelpaare neckten die Blumen, weil sie nicht auch davon fliegen könnten, sondern dem Sturm und dem Regen still halten müssten. Die Libelle aber nippte nur ein wenig an einem hellen Thautropfen und an dem blauen Veilchenhonig, und lispelte dann geflügelte Worte. Da hörte das Kind auf, sich an den Näschereien zu belustigen, schloss die dunkelblauen Augen und horchte mit geneigtem Köpflein dem süssen Gekose. Denn die Libelle erzählte Vieles vom frohen Leben im grünen Walde;



wie sie bald mit ihren Gespielen Versteckens spiele hinter den Blättern der Buche und Eiche, und Nachläuschens über den stillen Wässern, bald ruhig den Sonnenstrahlen zusehe, die von Moos zu Kräutern, von Kräutern zu Gesträuchen emsig eilten und überall Licht und Wärme austheilten. Nachts aber schleiche der Mondschein herum und tröpfele den dürstenden Blumen Thau in den Mund, und wenn frühe das Morgenroth zarte Himmelsrosen auf die Schlummernden herabwerfe, um sie damit zu wecken und zu necken, dann lachten, halb trunken, die Blumen sich an, die meisten aber könnten das schwere Köpflein noch lange nicht ganz aufheben. So erzählte die Libelle, und weil das Kind noch unbeweglich auf sein Händchen gestützt da sass mit geschlossenen Augen, vermeinte sie, es wäre eingeschlummert; schwang also ihr doppelt Flügelpaar und flog gesättigt dem rauschenden Walde zu.

PASTIMES WITH THE LATE POET LAUREATE

WORDSWORTH, page 290.

- (1) *The strange phenomenon would seem  
Analogous to some "huge stone."*

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie  
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;  
Wonder to all who do the same espy,  
By what means it could thither come and whence;  
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:

Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf  
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself ;

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,  
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age :  
His body was bent double, feet and head  
Coming together in life's pilgrimage.

See *Wordsworth's Poems*. "Resolution and Independence."

(2) *Than some that Heathen Poets taught,  
And superstitious fools believed.*

Multaque tum tellus etiam portenta creare  
Conata est, mirâ facie membrisque coorta :  
Androgynem, inter utras, nec utramque, utrimque remotum :  
Orba pedum partim, manuum viduata vicissim ;  
Muta, sine ore, etiam ; sine voltu, cæca reperta ;  
Vinctaque membrorum per totum corpus adhæsu,  
Nec facere ut possent quidquam, nec cedere quoquam,  
Nec vitare malum, nec sumere quod volet usus.

Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*. Lib. v. ver. 835.

(3) *Who knew, before his eye discerned  
The habits of the Lark, that he  
Was "drunken,"—*

Joyous as morning,  
Thou art laughing and scorning ;

Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,  
 And, though little troubled with sloth,  
 Drunken Lark ! thou wouldst be loth  
 To be such a traveller as I.

*Wordsworth's Poems.* "To a Sky-lark."

(4) *Thus Johnny's Pony "thinks,"* —

But then he is a horse that thinks !  
 And when he thinks, his pace is slack ;  
 Now, though he knows poor Johnny well,  
 Yet, for his life, he cannot tell  
 What he has got upon his back.

*Ibid.* "The Idiot Boy."

(5) *Moreover, do we learn again,*

*How needless was a "whip or wand."*

There is no need of boot or spur,  
 There is no need of whip or wand ;  
 For Johnny has his holly-bough,  
 And with a hurly-burly now  
 He shakes the green bough in his hand.

*Ibid.*

(6) *To care another instant which*

*Way he should go, or "hold the bridle."*

But when the Pony moved his legs,  
 Oh ! then for the poor idiot boy !

For joy he cannot hold the bridle,  
 For joy his head and heels are idle, -  
 He's idle all for very joy.

*Wordsworth's Poems.* "The Idiot Boy."

- (7) "*Her arms are up,*"—*she duly "screams,"*  
*When having found her "idiot boy."*

She looks again—her arms are up—  
 She screams—she cannot move for joy ;  
 She darts, as with a torrent's force,  
 She almost has o'erturned the horse,  
 And fast she holds her idiot boy.

*Ibid.*

- (8) *Johnny and Pony each in sight,*  
*And greeted,—she is "happy here,"*  
*And "happy there :"*

She kisses o'er and o'er again  
 Him whom she loves, her idiot boy ;  
 She's happy here, is happy there,  
 She is uneasy everywhere ;  
 Her limbs are all alive with joy.

*Ibid.*

- (9) *That grass you might have heard to grow,*  
*You might, indeed, "if e'er you can."*

She listens, but she cannot hear  
 The foot of horse, the voice of man ;

The streams with softest sound are flowing,  
 The grass you almost hear it growing,  
 You hear it now, if e'er you can.

The owlets through the long blue night  
 Are shouting to each other still :  
 Fond lovers ! yet not quite hob nob,  
 They lengthen out the tremulous sob,  
 That echoes far from hill to hill.

*Wordsworth's Poems.* "The Idiot Boy."

- (10) *Some "youthful poets," born to be  
 Thy "second self," and taught to "think  
 At random," —*

And hence this tale, while I was yet a Boy  
 Careless of books, yet having felt the power  
 Of Nature, by the gentle agency  
 Of natural objects, led me on to feel  
 For passions that were not my own, and think  
 (At random and imperfectly indeed)  
 On man, the heart of man, and human life.  
 Therefore, although it be a history  
 Homely and rude, I will relate the same  
 For the delight of a few natural hearts ;  
 And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake  
 Of youthful Poets, who among these hills  
 Will be my second self when I am gone.

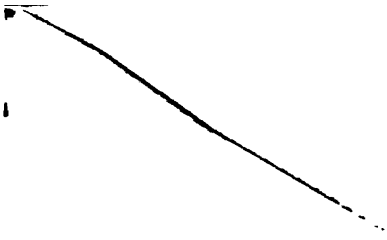
*Ibid.* "Michael ; a Pastoral Poem."

- (11) *May tell us with becoming pride,  
That "the green field sleeps in the sun."*

The Cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun ;  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest ;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising ;  
There are forty feeding like one !  
*Wordsworth's Poems. "Written in March."*

THE END.

LONDON :  
SPOTTISWOODE and SHAW,  
New-street-Square.





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